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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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*Mother—
the health doctor*



Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

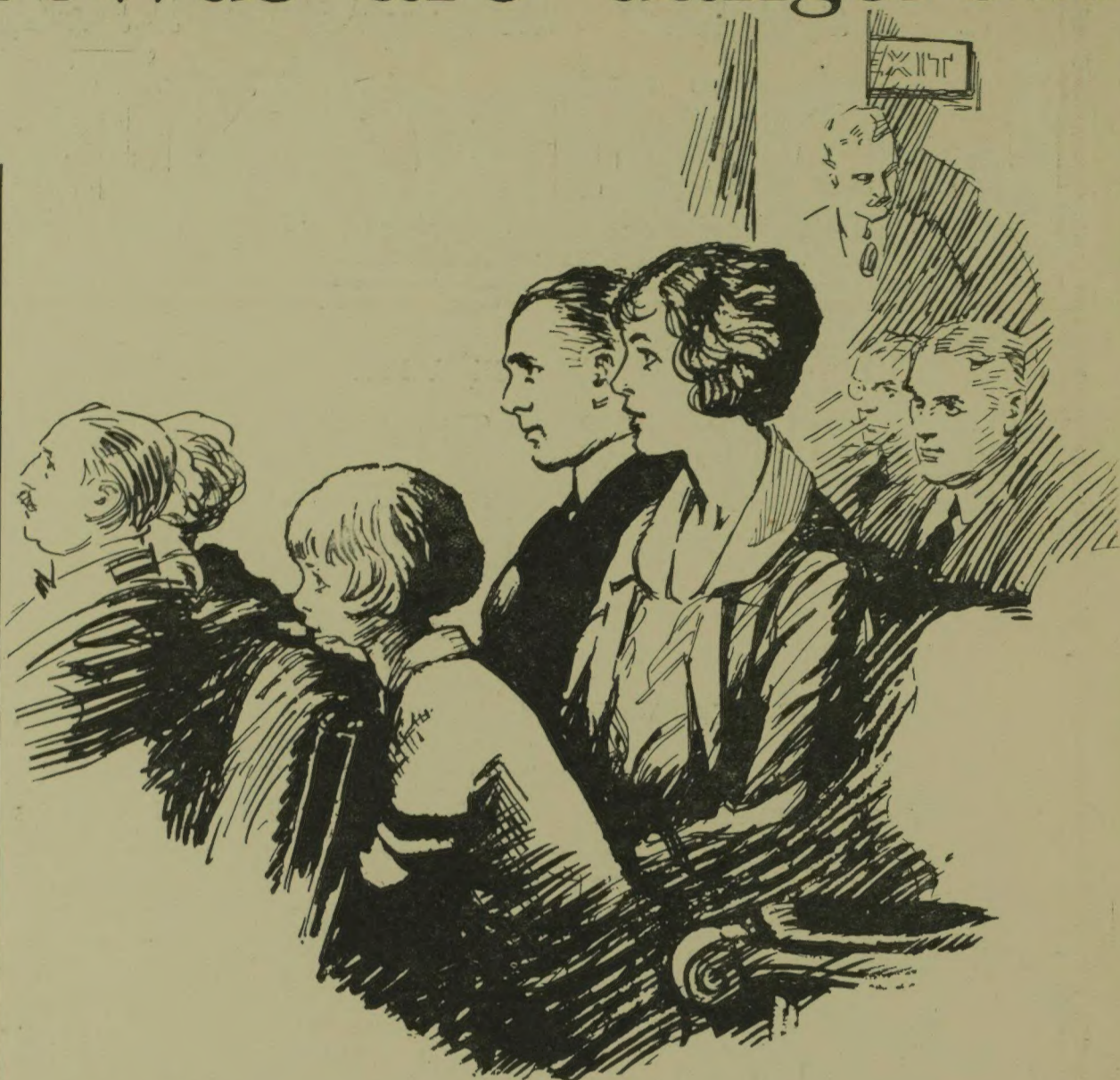
Lifebuoy Health Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

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with its unique health ingredient to go down deep into the dirt-clogged pores and combat the dangers ever-present in dirt. The pungent, healthful odour of Lifebuoy proves the presence of this extra element.

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But the real reason why Lifebuoy is one of the most widely used soaps in the world is that millions of mothers have proved it to be the health soap. Rely on Lifebuoy. Put a cake of Lifebuoy at every place in the house where hands are washed. Lifebuoy protects health. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

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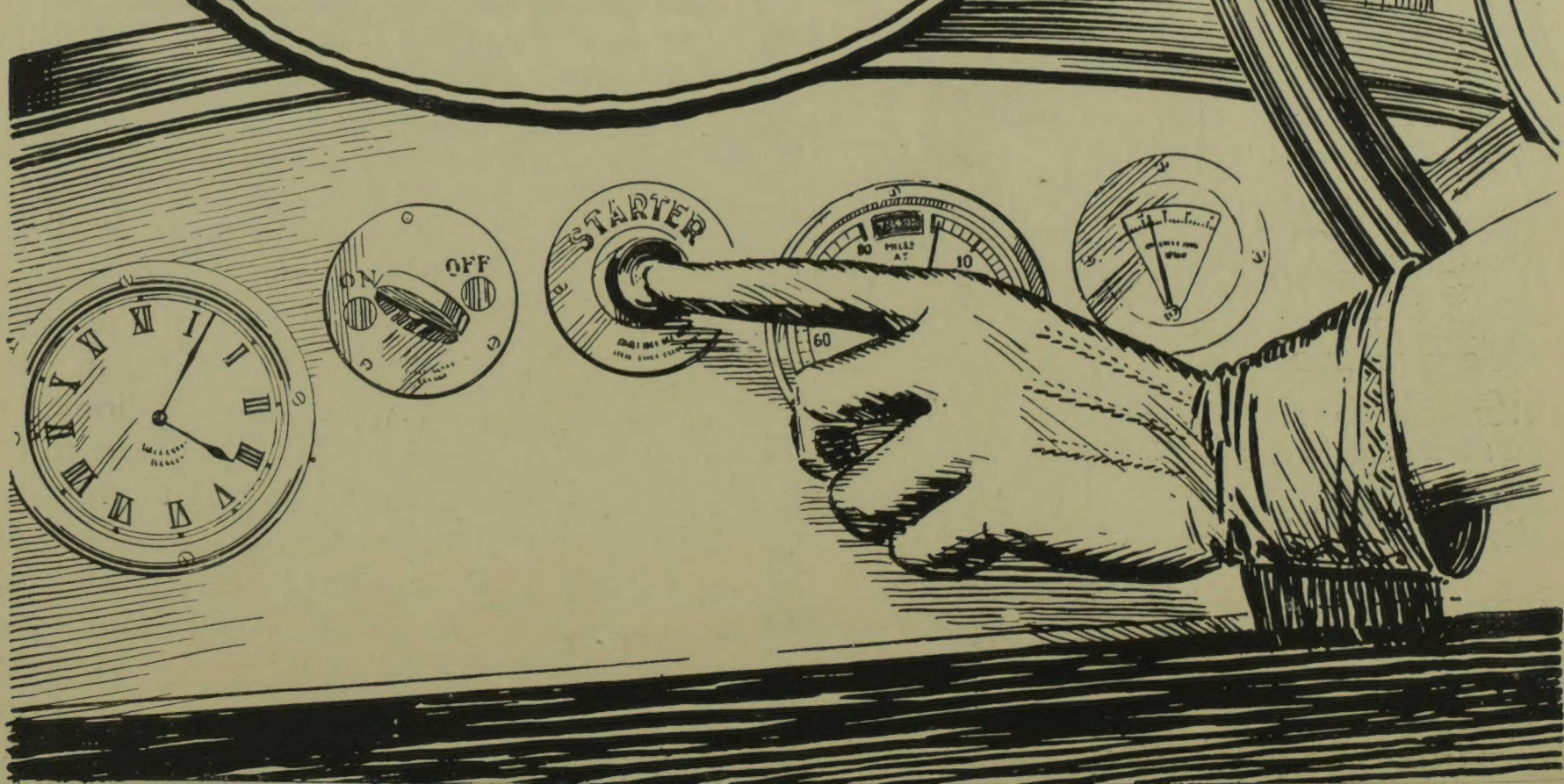
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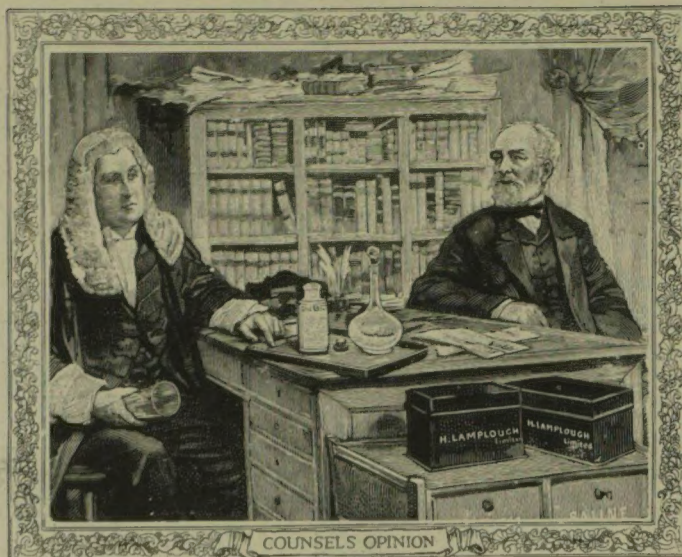
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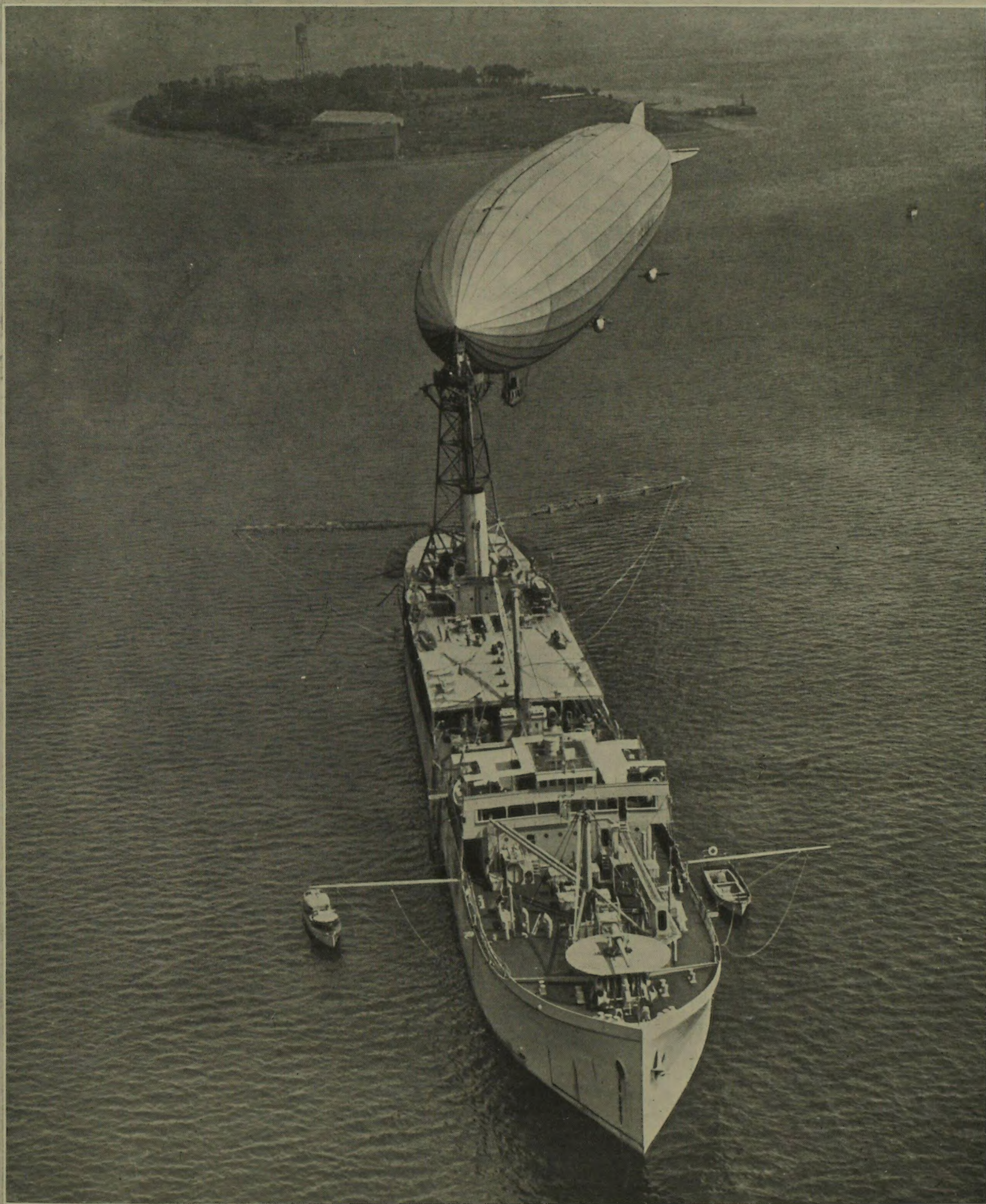
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1924.

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MOORINGS FOR AIRSHIPS AT SEA—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT: THE UNITED STATES NAVAL DIRIGIBLE "SHENANDOAH" MOORED TO A SPECIAL MAST OF THE NAVAL OIL-TANKER "PATOKA"—A PHOTOGRAPH FROM AN AEROPLANE.

An interesting experiment in the mooring of airships at sea was recently carried out off Rhode Island by the United States Navy. A special mooring-mast had been constructed on board the naval oil-tanker "Patoka," and to this mast the famous naval airship "Shenandoah" was successfully moored, as shown in the above photograph and in another on "Our Note-Book" page. The intention

was that she should remain moored to the "Patoka" for three days, but she had to cast loose to avoid a storm. Last January the "Shenandoah" broke from a ground mooring-mast at Lakehurst, New Jersey, disappeared in a gale with 22 officers and men, and was piloted back to hangar damaged. The adventure was illustrated in our issues of January 26 and February 2.

AIR PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY KADEL AND HERBERT NEWS PHOTOS, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN a Scottish Member was agitating recently for the return of the Stone of Destiny to Scotland, there was one neglected aspect of the case. The Stone of Destiny is indeed claimed or claimable by many. It is said to have been Irish before it was Scottish, and presumably Israelitish before it was Irish. It is obvious enough that Mr. Kirkwood might have to lay about him with dirk and claymore to defend his prize against a mob of Sinn Feiners on the one side and a mob of Zionists on the other. He would have his work cut out to prevent it becoming either a throne for Mr. Cosgrave on the hill of Tara or a pillow for Sir Herbert Samuel when praying and fasting in the desert. But it is true that the latest and most living tradition connects it with Scotland; and the only truly traditional tradition is one that is still a living thing. Indeed, the Stone of Destiny used generally to be called the Stone of Scone; and the cakes commonly called scones are believed by some to be fragments laboriously chipped away from it.

But the fact which most firmly rivets the Stone of Scone to Scotland is, of course, the prophecy which is said to declare that wherever the stone is found the race of the Scots will be ruling. Everybody knows that the coming of the Stuarts to that throne in Westminster to which Edward I. had carried the relic was hailed as a fulfilment of the prophecy. But there have been many more real fulfilments of the same prophecy. The power of the Stuarts fell and the power of the Kings dwindled, but the uncrowned kings of our modern commonwealth have none the less had all the appearance of profiting by the prophecy. They may not have mounted the throne above, but they seem to have the benefit of the stone beneath it. The Scottish race, if not still reigning, is certainly still ruling. The present Prime Minister has almost the air of restoring an ancient line, in a Jacobite fashion worthy of his ancient name. With him returns a Scottish dynasty of Campbell-Bannerman and Balfour and Rosebery merely interrupted, one may say, by the episode of one Welshman and (stranger still) of one Englishman.

Did Mr. Kirkwood on that occasion picture the possible consequences of removing the talisman that protected his countrymen in their high places here? What would happen if this purely preternatural spell were snapped suddenly? Would Mr. Macdonald fade away into a mountain mist before our very eyes? Would Lord Balfour be hurled head over heels by a blast of witchery all the way from here to Whittingehame? Would Mr. Kirkwood himself blow up with a loud bang and come together again on the banks of the Clyde? What would happen if all the blue bonnets were thus precipitated over the border—and all the bees in all the bonnets along with them? For my part, I should regret Mr. Kirkwood as much as any, for, though I do not agree with his Communism, I have a great respect for his courage. Here, however, I am not considering the change as it would affect him or his country, but rather as it would affect me and mine.

As an Englishman, I have great sympathy with those who suggest from time to time a clearance of England for the English. I can understand the sort of Englishman who is merely irritated by the blue bonnets as if they were blue-bottles. I can understand the prejudice that there are too many thistles growing in the English rose-garden; and even that the thistle grows faster because it is a weed. I can understand his extending the sentiment even to the sacred shamrock and the harmless, necessary leek. In short, I think there is a great deal to be said for the view that the English have had too much of the Scotch and even of the Irish and the Welsh. But the English cannot have it both ways. If they are in this sense patriotic, they cannot be in the old sense imperialistic. If the Englishman becomes a new sort of Nationalist, he cannot be the old sort of Unionist. He cannot mix up all the three colours together, and then complain that the other colours are two to one. He cannot attempt to extend England without consenting to enlarge England.

The weakness of the old coercionist from the start was that he was always proving the Irish were different

had boasted of being the countryman of Milton. That is why Britain has not become one thing as France has become one thing. If it is true that division cuts both ways, it is equally true that union cuts both ways. It cuts into the pride and pretensions of both countries. You can say that in a particular conflict Cæsar has conquered Pompey. But you cannot found a permanent and united State upon the principle that Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike, especially Cæsar.

Now, for my part, I am not sorry that the nations of Britain have proved too national to be unified. I am rather glad that England was too national to be imperial. I do not blame the Englishman for feeling himself distinct from the Irishman. I only blame him for having fancied that England could be distinct from Ireland without Ireland being distinct from England—or, in other words, for imagining that he could have another man tied to him, without being tied to the other man. But, so far from regretting this instinct, I rather wish that the English national distinction had remained more national and more distinct. Everybody has said over and over again that the English are fond of compromise; few have noted why their compromise has sometimes been rather too compromising. Anyhow, their attempts at a compromise between the imperial idea and the national ideal have left them a little unprepared to be purely national if they should ever fail to be imperial. Less fortunate nations have been more fortunate in the sense of a training in that tradition of tenacity needed in evil fortune. Our national song said, in somewhat complacent tones—

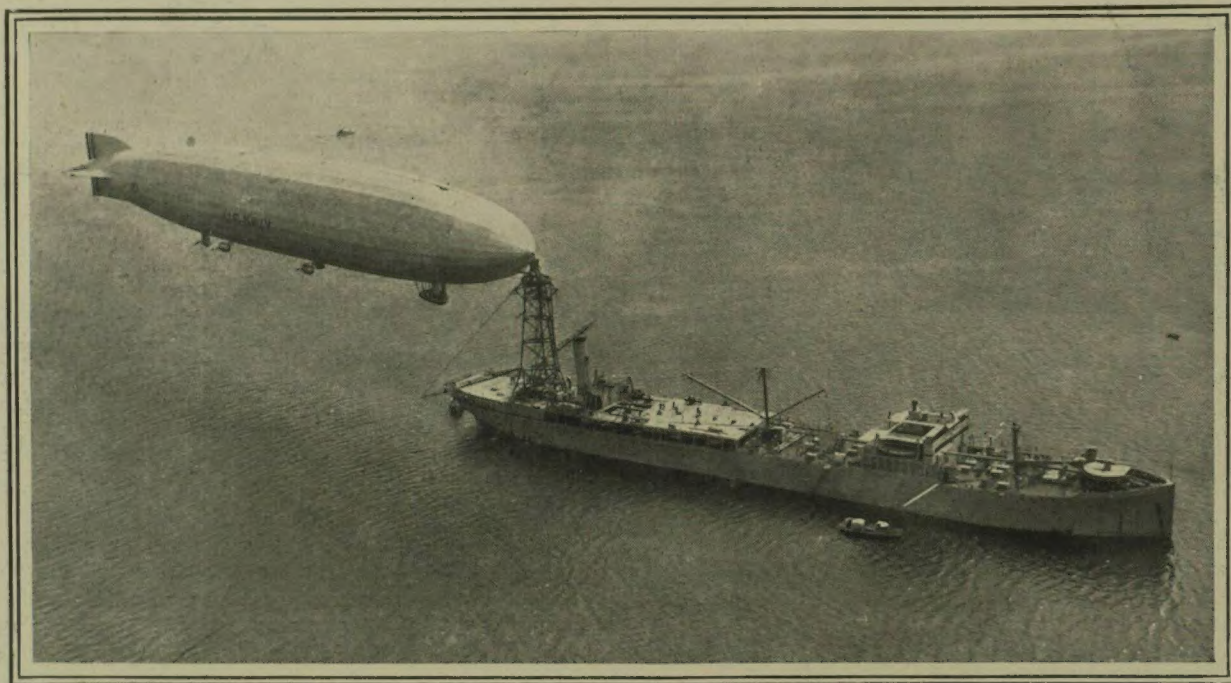
The nations not so
blessed as thou
Must in their turn
to tyrants fall.

But, though the words sound bombastic, the statement is historical. England was once quite exceptionally secure.

But we have lived into a world in which nothing is secure. Our version of the verse must be that nobly written by Newbolt in 1914—

Father of all, whose equal hands
Despair and victory give,
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
The souls of nations live.

The poet was probably thinking at the moment about Belgium. But the moment those words were written it became impossible to continue the repression of Ireland. At this moment, however, I, for one, am not thinking about Belgium or about Ireland, but about England. I am thinking about that other problem: of the soul of a nation which lives in God—even when it does "in its turn to tyrants fall." I do not mean that I think it particularly probable that England will ever go through the precise experiences of Poland or Ireland. I only mean that I pray to God—in whom, though tyrants tread their lands, the souls of nations live—that, if that fate amid the changing fates of history does ever fall upon England, she may prove herself as stubborn, as heroic, and as noble a nuisance as the Irish nation.



A NOVELTY IN OVERSEA AIRSHIP NAVIGATION: THE U.S. NAVAL DIRIGIBLE "SHENANDOAH" MOORED TO AN OIL-TANKER—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

As recorded on the front page of this number, where another photograph of the subject appears, the U.S. Naval dirigible "Shenandoah" was successfully moored recently to a special mast erected on the deck of the naval oil-tanker "Patoka." The experiment took place off Rhode Island, and will doubtless have an important bearing on airship navigation. The method is of special interest just now in view of the projected flight across the Atlantic of the new Zeppelin "Z.R.3," illustrated on page 393. [Air Photograph Supplied by Kadel and Herbert and Central Press.]

in order to prove that they were inferior. This is the very contrary of the conception of Unionism—or, indeed, of any kind of Imperialism. You cannot have a Union that boasts that it does not unite. If you unite Smith to Brown, you unite Brown to Smith. It is futile to unite them and still try to preserve the fine fastidious social exclusiveness of the Browns, and emphasise the repulsive and ragged barbarism of the Smiths. If you are so very exclusive, in heaven's name exclude. But do not say you have a taste for excluding people and also a talent for including them. If they are so very repulsive, in heaven's name repel them; but do not suppose you can absorb them and also repel them.

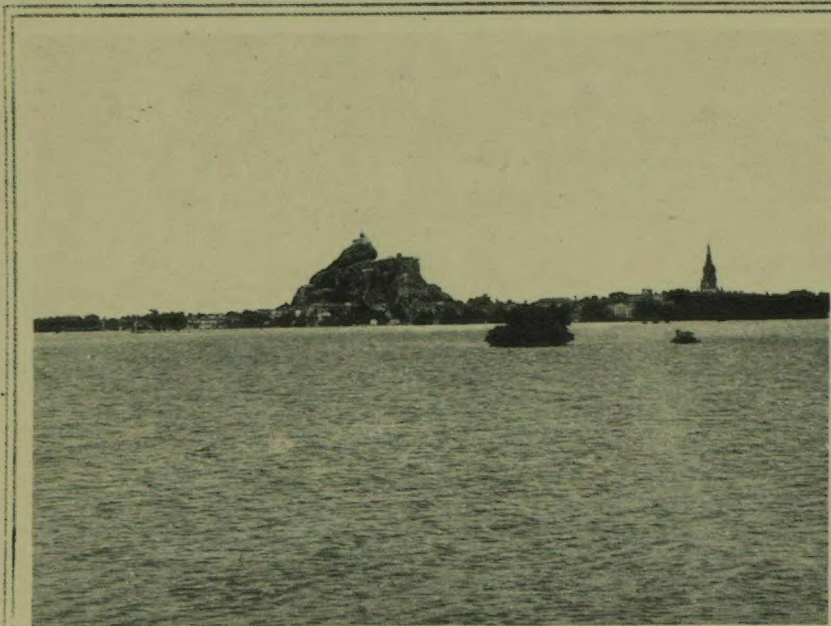
France has several provinces that were once separate principalities and might easily have become separate nations. France united them into one nation by making them all equally national in that nation. A man from Gascony can call himself the countryman of Joan of Arc, who came from Lorraine. A man from Burgundy can call himself the countryman of Danton, who came from Champagne. But people would have laughed if a man from Connemara

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

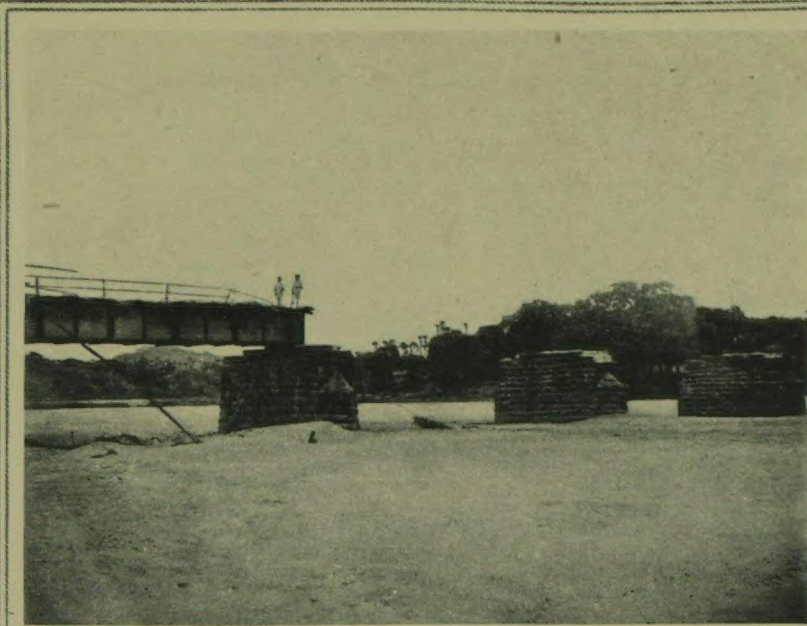
Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 420, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2

FLOOD HAVOC IN SOUTH INDIA: RAILWAY BRIDGES WASHED AWAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1-5 BY PRESS PHOTO BUREAU, MADRAS.



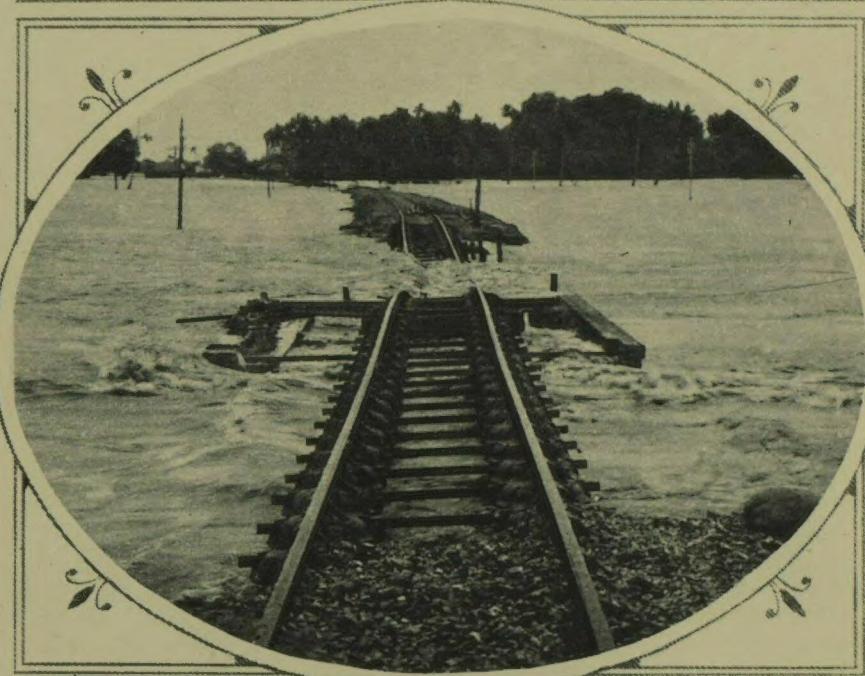
WITH THE FAMOUS ROCK AT TRICHINOPOLY RISING ABOVE THE FLOODS: THE TEMPLE AND FORT DISTRICT SEEN FROM THE KONAKARAI BUND.



A DISASTER THAT CUT COMMUNICATION WITH THE INDIAN STATE OF COCHIN: THE COLLAPSE OF THE SHORANUR RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER BHARATHA.



TYPICAL OF FLOOD DAMAGE THAT HAS RENDERED THOUSANDS HOMELESS: A VILLAGE NEAR BHAVANI WITH HOUSES DESTROYED OR DAMAGED.



WHERE RAILWAYS HAVE BEEN WASHED AWAY AND COMMUNICATION CARRIED ON BY BOATS AND A TEMPORARY STEAMER SERVICE: A FLOOD SCENE.



SHOWING A GREAT TREE UPROOTED BY THE SWIRLING WATER: THE FLOODS AT TRICHINOPOLY, WITH ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE CHURCH IN THE BACKGROUND.



SWEEPED BY THE FLOOD, WHICH CARRIED AWAY DOORS, WINDOWS AND FURNITURE: THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT BHAVANI, ON THE BANKS OF THE BHAVANI RIVER.

The recent floods in Southern India, including the Madras Presidency and the Indian States of Cochin and Travancore, have been the worst within living memory, both in extent and the amount of destruction to buildings and crops. They were due to an exceptional rainfall, which caused the river Cauvery and its principal tributary, the Bhavani, to sweep away bridges and houses and spread their waters over a vast area. The town of Bhavani, at the junction of the two rivers, suffered heavy damage. Hundreds of thousands of peasants lost all they possessed, and were rendered homeless, and innumerable cattle perished, but the loss of human life was less than might have been expected. The greatest number of deaths—about one hundred—occurred in the planting district of Travancore.

Railway lines and bridges were washed away in many places, and communication was thus cut off between Madras and the Malabar coast, and the southern route to Ceylon. The collapse of the Shoranur Bridge (shown above) at the junction of the South Indian Railway and the Shoranur-Cochin line, severed the traffic with Cochin. Owing to the number of breaches on its narrow-gauge line, the South Indian Company introduced a steamer service at a small seaport, Porto Novo, to Negapatam, whence they could reach the main line by a loop and establish connection with the isolated southern portion of the province. Boats were much used for the rescue of marooned people and the conveyance of mails in districts when large tracts of land were under water.

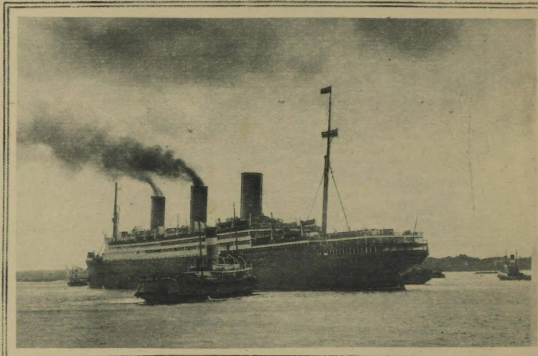
INTERESTING EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, CONTINENTAL PHOTO.

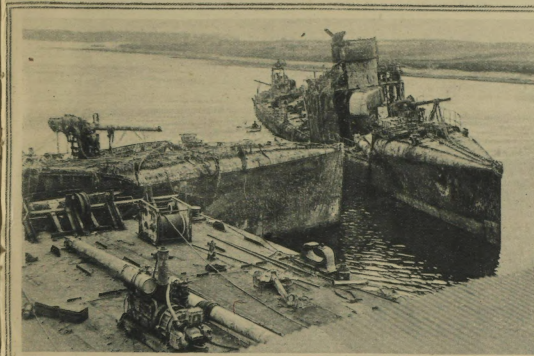
(BERLIN), C.N., CARL J. DELIUS, CENTRAL PRESS, AND I.B.



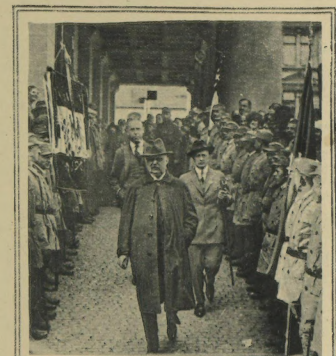
MICHAEL COLLINS COMMEMORATED AT THE SCENE OF HIS DEATH: THE MEMORIAL AT BEALNABATH UNVEILED.



WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD, ON HIS WAY TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA: THE "BERENGARIA" (WHICH HE BOARDED AT 4 A.M.) LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON.



RAISING THE SCUTTLED GERMAN FLEET AT SCAPA FLOW—THE GREATEST SALVAGE WORK EVER UNDERTAKEN: TWO DESTROYERS RECENTLY BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE.



A GERMAN "WAR LORD" AS POLITICIAN: LUDENDORFF LEAVING THE WEIMAR THEATRE AFTER A MEETING.



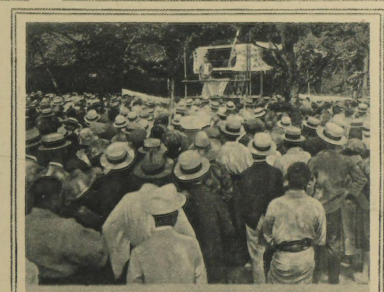
SMOKING IN CAP AND GOWN! NEW GRADUATES OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY "SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE"—AN ANNUAL CUSTOM.



THE FUNERAL OF SIGNOR MATTEOTTI, THE MURDERED ITALIAN SOCIALIST DEPUTY, WHOSE BODY WAS FOUND AFTER EIGHT WEEKS: THE PROCESSION AT FRATTA POLESINA.



BORNE BY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS, AND FOLLOWED BY HIS WIDOW AND MOTHER: THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF SIGNOR MATTEOTTI AMID A THRONG OF MOURNERS.



POPULAR INDIGNATION IN JAPAN AGAINST THE EXCLUSION CLAUSES IN THE U.S. IMMIGRATION ACT: A MASS MEETING IN SHIBA PARK, TOKIO.



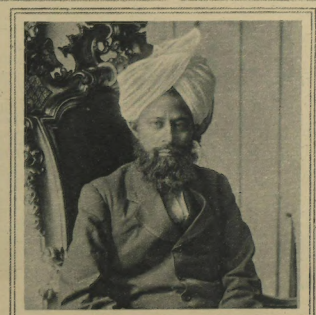
AFTER THE FIRE CAUSED BY LIGHTNING: ST. FAITH'S ABBEY, AN OLD HOUSE NEAR NORWICH, EMBODYING THE RUINS OF A TWELFTH-CENTURY PRIORY.



THE COVENT GARDEN STRIKE: A MEETING OF STRIKERS ADDRESSED BY ONE OF THE STRIKE COMMITTEE (CENTRE BACKGROUND) FROM THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.



FULL MILITARY HONOURS FOR A BRISTOL V.C.: THE LATE SERGT. H. BLANCHARD WOOD LYING IN STATE IN THE CATHEDRAL, GUARDED BY SERGEANTS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.



AN ISLAMIC LEADER WHO OFFERED PRAYER AT LUDGATE CIRCUS: THE KHALIFA-UL-MASSIH, NOW IN LONDON.

A memorial to Michael Collins, the Irish leader, was unveiled on August 22 at Bealnabath, where he was killed by Irish rebels in 1922. The ceremony was performed by General O'Duffy, seen in our photograph to right of the Celtic cross, with President Cosgrave to left of it.—The Prince of Wales left Southampton, for his visit to the United States and his ranch in Canada, in the Cunard liner "Berengaria" on August 23. He went aboard at about 4 a.m., arriving in a motor-boat from the Isle of Wight with Prince George.—Considerable progress has been made by Messrs. Cox and Danks, Ltd., in raising scuttled German ships at Scapa Flow. The methods used were illustrated in a double-page of drawings in our issue of August 16. Nearly seventy ships altogether were sunk by their German crews in 1919, and the task of raising them all may take nine years.—General Ludendorff recently attended a Nationalist Socialist meeting held in the Theatre at Weimar, where the constitution of the German Republic was settled by a national assembly on January 29, 1919.—The funeral of Signor Matteotti, the murdered Italian Socialist Deputy, took place on August 20 at his birthplace, Fratta Polesina, near

Rovigo, in north-east Italy.—A Japanese mass meeting of protest against the new U.S. Immigration Act was held in Shiba Park, Tokio, on July 1.—The Abbey of St. Faith's, near Norwich, the home of Mr. Warner Cook, was struck by lightning recently and set on fire. It was built out of the ruins of a Benedictine priory founded in 1105.—The strikers at Covent Garden Market on August 25 resorted to mass picketing to prevent wavers from returning to work.—The funeral service for the late Sergeant H. Blanchard Wood, V.C., of Bristol, took place in the Cathedral there with full military honours. The wreaths included one from Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, and others from the Colonel of the Scots Guards and the staff of the Ministry of Pensions.—The Khalifa-ul-Masih Bahir-ed-Din Mahmud Ahmad, head of the Ahmadiya movement in Islam, arrived recently in London to attend the Conference of Living Religions of the Empire, at the Imperial Institute. On the day of his arrival he offered prayer at Ludgate Circus, in accordance with an Islamic tradition regarding prayer at Bab-ul-lud, an Arabic name resembling our Gate of Lud.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THERE was once a historian who went to the Highlands to collect material for a history of the 'Forty-five. He went with a theory that tradition might be considered trustworthy for seventy years after an event; but he came away believing that it was not to be trusted even for seventy hours. This implies no lack of good faith on the part of the narrators of a story; but it is notorious that no two eye-witnesses (let alone persons further removed) can give the same account of any one happening.

This was well illustrated by the German professor of jurisprudence in whose class-room a row leading to a free fight broke out at the close of a lecture on the laws of evidence. When order was restored, the Professor proposed that, before anyone left the room, witnesses should be sworn and examined as to what had just occurred. No two accounts agreed, and then the lecturer told his students that the whole thing was a put-up job of his own. He had arranged beforehand that two of the men were to come to high words and then to blows, in order that the class might immediately make a practical experiment in the taking of evidence. The result was not reassuring.

These anecdotes came back to me while I was reading a curious book which has created a sensation in France, and has just made its appearance in English. It is intended to expose the untrustworthiness of even serious and careful history generally, and, in particular, the falsity of histories of the Great War. The book has been described as "a formidable indictment of the superstition of military genius," and as "a sustained effort to sift truth from falsehood, and to demolish legends of the Great War before they become fixed in the permanent fabric of history." Very well—but, one is inclined to ask—*Quis custodiet custodem?* Is this corrector himself infallible? He does not claim to be anything of the sort. He is merely a man with a passion for truth, the courage to speak his honest thoughts, and, like all his kind, he has got himself into hot water.

The book bears the attractive title, "PLUTARCH LIE" (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.). The author is Jean de Pierrefeu, and the translator, Jeffery E. Jeffery. M. Pierrefeu's method is a little more subtle than mere detection of errors in the narration of fact. He goes down to the causes that delude men who have no intention of being dishonest. He illustrates this from the case of the well-bred man who knocks against another well-bred man in the street. Politeness demands that one shall apologise, and the other answers smilingly, "Not at all." Yet, says uncompromising M. Pierrefeu, if you could see into the minds of these two smiling men, you would realise that one was saying to himself with the rapidity of lightning and without even knowing what was in his mind, "The arrant fool! Why did he get in my way?" and the other, "Clumsy ass! He nearly knocked me down!" "Most men's thoughts are double-sided, and every representation of reality which occurs to their minds gives a reflection, touched up still further by their speech. To succeed in bringing off this trick on every occasion one must be a product of civilisation." With these civilities M. Pierrefeu dispenses in his writing of war history. In a Foreword to readers of the English edition he explains the method of his apparent madness.

The war turned the world upside down, but it did not alter mankind. As hitherto, men continue to observe the rules of good taste and the rites implicit in a good education. There was a rush to applaud the distinction the generals had won in the conflict. Mistakes and disappointments were glossed over by the language of compliment. "If I had not been a queer sort of man," says this frank writer, "I should have done what everyone else was doing." But his conception of historical truth prevented that. "I wanted," he says, "to pay court to historical truth. Circumstances put me in a good position to carry out this project, because for a period of three years it was my task to edit the official communiqué issued by French G.H.Q. I fulfilled my good intentions, and 'Plutarch Lied' is evidence that I did so. The result, obviously enough, could scarcely have failed to be deplorable, and I can readily understand how I came to be regarded as an ill-mannered person."

M. Pierrefeu's "ill-mannered" writing—in reality most urbane—has sold 750,000 copies of his book in France. The chances are that it will do very well in this country also. According to the weekly communiqué from the publisher's G.H.Q., "Plutarch Lied" has had a "glorious Press," and this it thoroughly deserved, for no more fascinating and awakening book has appeared in the recent lists. One knows, to be sure, that a "glorious Press" does not always mean a huge sale, but M. Pierrefeu ought to have it both ways. He says he is quite ready to be put in the corner if any readers

wish it. Still, he has great hopes of finding among them some good soul who, after he has read the book, will send the author a small piece of plum-tart out of gratitude. He fears, however, he may not be able to promise "not to do it again." Few of his readers, I take it, will wish him to make any such promise, and many will offer plum-tart.

The romance of war only gains by this uncompromising and deliberately unromantic record. Generals may no longer appear as the sublimely inspired demigods of popular report, but the story of the Marne, for example, takes a fresh interest and poignancy from M. Pierrefeu's way of telling it. That success, it appears, was made possible only by what was an initial blunder on the part of the French, not the Germans. On Aug. 25, 1914, a Minister, for political reasons, removed from the command of Joffre (already short of troops) the whole Sixth Army and immobilised it in front of Paris. "And then—a marvellous stroke of luck! Suddenly, this Sixth Army... was to find itself in the very best position to carry out the manoeuvre which had quite evidently been previously abandoned." It found itself, naturally enough and without moving from its position, on the flank of the enemy, who had abruptly changed his plans—

What Joffre had vainly tried to bring about, the fears of a Minister had succeeded in doing. And the order, useless and illogical though it seemed when the Germans were rushing forward to besiege Paris, became admirably prudent when they turned away. The rivalry of two ambitions did more for the safety of the country than did the

for true courage has been defined as the conquering of terror; but the author has so handled Blaven that we accept him as a possible type. The war novel in its earlier form may be dead, but books like Mr. Miller's prove that it has still a future and a brilliant future at that.

In the opinion of an American bishop, the craving for sensational fiction, even of the cheapest kind, is a healthy proof of humanity's desire for "life." It is time that some definition of "life" in the more recent usage of the word were attempted. In much current fiction "Life" has become almost a character in the story, a personified abstraction that controls the destiny of mortals. It appears sometimes as an inexorable power, against which human effort is futile; sometimes as an object of desire, the pursuit of which explains or even justifies aberrations of conduct. At other times it is an object of terror, and this terror is regarded as reprehensible. The convention first became insistent, I think, in the works of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, and it has now become a sort of cant phrase, used loosely and with various meanings. The more one considers it in the fiction of to-day, the more obscure and elusive it becomes. In several instances the substitution of "Fate" for "Life" would make all clear, but in the bishop's argument this will not do. The "life" his dime-novel readers crave is only another name for a cheap and deleterious sensationalism. This term "life" threatens to become meaningless and degraded, and the writer who restores it to its proper use will do fiction and the language some service.

You will find a definition of "life" in Mr. Robert Hichens's new novel, "AFTER THE VERDICT," (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), the most powerful and finished work this author has given us for many a day. Here the principal character, who has just been acquitted of murder, speaking of his ordeal, says: "That's life! An experience such as I've just come through strips all the illusions away. Life is—going on, shedding things, forgetting things, forgetting people, loves, hatreds, passions, sorrows. It has to be so. Otherwise people who are sensitive would continually be destroyed by their miseries.... And yet I'm wrong. Some things are not forgotten. As long as I live people will always remember that I am the man who was accused of murdering a woman."

That is the "life" that remains for Clive Baratrie and presents him with an ordeal almost as agonising as his ordeal in the dock. He is inclined to shirk it and go into exile under another name, but is persuaded to return to the world by the girl he marries. The world, as is to be expected, does not use him kindly, and throughout the book the reader is haunted by the suspicion that, after all, the world's verdict may be justified. Mr. Hichens balances motives and emotions with admirable skill, and, whether you consider the ending

satisfactory or not, you will at any rate acknowledge that here is a presentation of "life," clear-cut, definite, and uncompromising—a picture of the tragedy of mortal things. And underlying it is, perhaps, a hint that this "life," reduced to its simplest terms, is just action and the inevitable consequences of action.

There is a touch of mysticism in the story, but it is not that spiritualism of the *seance* which Mr. Hichens has so often introduced into his novels. It is rather the subtle persistence, after death, of the hero's evil genius, the woman he was accused of murdering, who still fights against him and the woman he married.

The persistence, not only of actions and their consequences, but of dead people, plays a prominent part in Mr. Alfred Noyes's volume of short stories, which are distinguished not only as the work of a poet, but for their own intrinsic excellence. The second story, "Checkmate," in "THE HIDDEN PLAYER" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) takes high rank among tales of the weird. Part of it would make a charming essay on "The Game and Play of the Chess," as a true chess-lover sees it, but the little drama is the thing. "Checkmate" describes a game played against an invisible player by a successful writer, who for all his good fortune is uneasy about his life and work. He is menaced by the sense of some unseen power lying in wait for him, and at the end of the spectral game he is checkmated in a very terrible way by an early false move. The same idea runs through all the stories except two—"The Wine Beyond the World" and "The Red Rat." The former is a joyous piece of serio-comic relief; the latter, more elaborately amusing, proclaims Mr. Noyes's deft touch as a satirist and parodist of contemporary fads in literature. Of the others, the pick are "The Troglodyte," "Court-Martial," and "The Parson's Tale." This book ought "to be read as widely as good writing can hope to be read," and, happily, the public for that, once found, is not so restricted, after all. I hope Mr. Noyes will soon give us further stories in a manner that fits his hand so well.



A CHURCH TOWER BUILT AS A LIGHTHOUSE: A UNIQUE RELIC OF BYGONE DAYS AT BLAKENEY, ON THE NORFOLK COAST.

The old church at Blakeney, on the coast of Norfolk, not far from Cromer, has two towers, the smaller of which was built as a lighthouse, to guide ships into the now disused harbour. It is said that the tower has not fulfilled its original purpose since the advent of railways, but it still stands as a curiosity of architecture.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

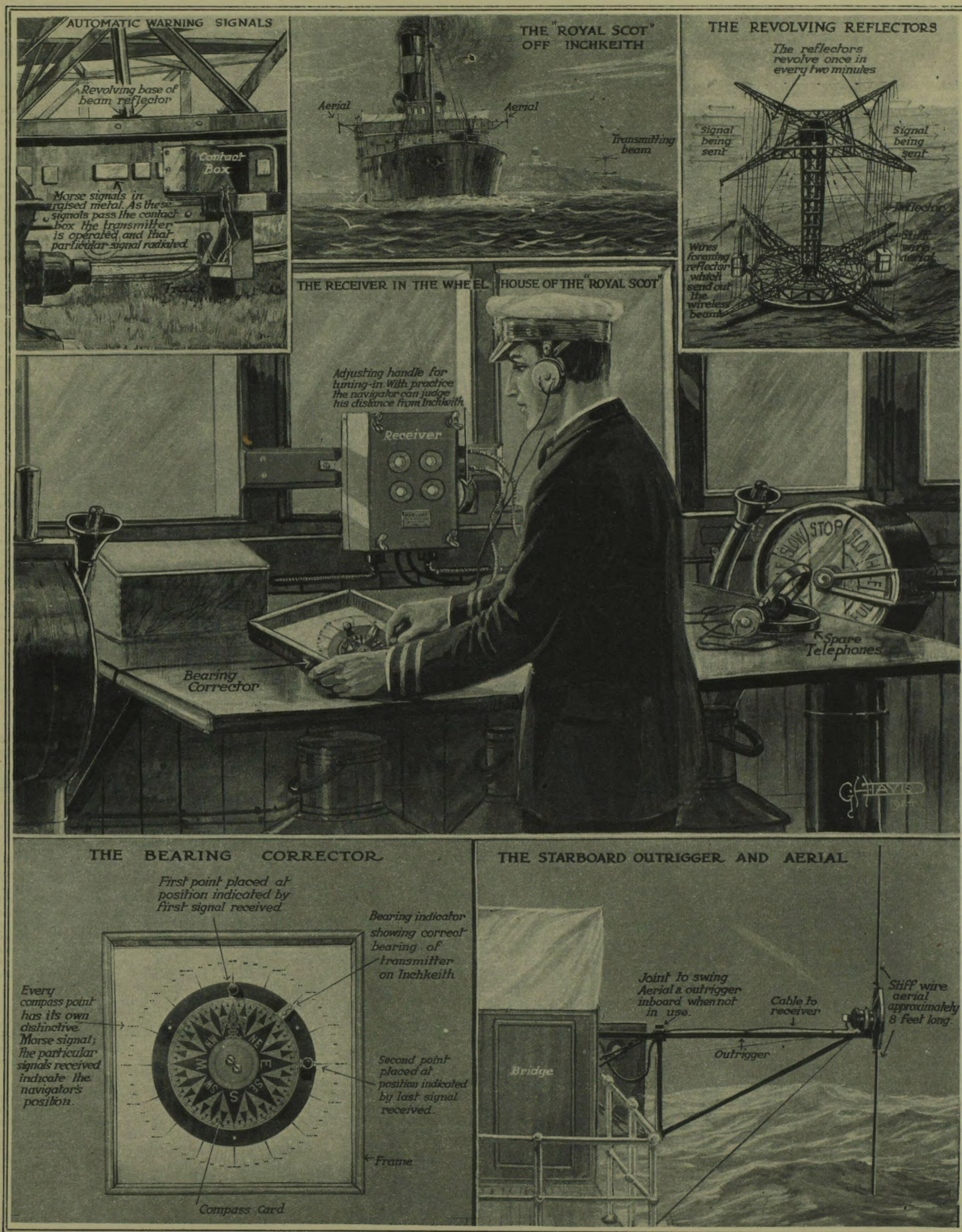
quick glance of genius. Does one diminish the fame of a great leader by acknowledging the fragile nature of military conceptions and by asserting that we are puppets in the hands of Fate? Really great men possessed more than any an intuition of their luck. Paulus Æmilius gave pledges to Nemesis. With what zest did Condé sing a Te Deum on the morrow of a victory! And had not Napoleon as much trust in his star as in himself?

Iconoclasm is the note of much current writing, particularly in memoirs. But M. Pierrefeu's shattering of idols is no cheap display of sardonic wit. It is rather a serious exposition of that strange thing we call Fate and the natural blindness of struggling mortals. The workings of Destiny are again exemplified in another new book which has the greatest of all Fatalists for subject. This is "NAPOLEON AND HIS COURT," by C. S. Forester (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). There the author takes as his leading motive the vanity of earthly power, which he illustrates by a lively account of Napoleon's career and entourage. The chief puppet and his attendant puppets rise, pass, and vanish in a dance to which the tune is called by Nemesis. The book, if more gossiping than philosophic, is readable and entertaining, none the less so that it condescends occasionally to the frank recital of a *chronique scandaleuse*.

Frankness about the war has taken an entirely new turn in that remarkable novel, "THE NATURAL MAN," by Patrick Miller (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.), a story that reverses the usual outlook. The hero, Peter Blaven, makes no bones about his enjoyment of fighting. He was not, however, a monster or a person obsessed with blood-lust—or, indeed, lust of any kind. There is something of a monkish austerity in his attitude towards the usual recreations of the campaigner; he is a monk, too, in his conception of the business of soldiering. The encounter of danger is to him a vocation, to be pursued whole-heartedly, as an experience in itself, and with an almost religious fervour. He denies the natural man, even the heroic natural man, in that he has no shrinking from peril—he cannot have enough of it. This ought, in one reading of character, to detract from his courage,

A WIRELESS "LIGHTHOUSE": RAYS TO TELL SHIPS THEIR POSITION IN FOG.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE MARCONI COMPANY, AND FROM HIS SKETCHES MADE ON BOARD THE "ROYAL SCOT"
—COURTESY OF THE LONDON AND EDINBURGH SHIPPING COMPANY.



THE WIRELESS "BEAM" SYSTEM, RECENTLY USED TO COMMUNICATE WITH SYDNEY AND BUENOS AIRES, APPLIED TO THE GUIDANCE OF SHIPS OFF A DANGEROUS COAST: THE APPARATUS AT INCHKEITH AND ABOARD THE "ROYAL SCOT."

The short wave wireless used in the Beam System is the latest development of the inventions of Senatore Marconi, ably assisted by Mr. C. S. Franklin. The Beam system has been successfully used for long-distance wireless communication to Australia and South America. The reflectors consist of a large number of vertical wires arranged in a parabolic curve. The message from the transmitting aerial is projected on to the reflector and sent out in a direct line. The first of the ships thus fitted is the "Royal Scot," of the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company, which on its weekly voyages to and from London and Leith regularly passes the rocky island of Inchkeith in the Firth of Forth. The messages are received at a distance of nine or ten miles from Inchkeith. On the base of the revolving reflector are placed in raised metal a number of Morse signals. As these dots and dashes pass the contact-box, the transmitter operates

and radiates that particular signal. In the ship is a compass card, with pointers attached, called the Bearing Corrector. Around the card at all points of the compass are Morse signals corresponding to those on the base of the projector. Therefore, when the ship's navigator hears a certain Morse signal come through his telephones, he sets his pointer to the point of the compass indicated; then, when he again hears, he sets the second pointer in position. The Bearing indicator spaced between these two points will give him the correct bearing of the transmitter. By adjusting the tuning-in handle at the side of the receiver, he can (with a little practice) learn by the difference in the signals exactly how far he is away from the island. The aerials on the ship are placed at either end of the ship's bridge, and consist of stiff wire aerials (similar to the transmitting aerials) fixed to out-ridgers.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

WHERE SUDANESE SOLDIERS FIRED ON RIOTOUS EGYPTIAN

PHOTOGRAPHS



REINFORCEMENTS ON THEIR WAY TO ATBARA AFTER THE RECENT DISTURBANCES THERE AND ELSEWHERE IN THE SUDAN: A MILITARY TRAIN, SHOWING TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS WITH A MACHINE-GUN.



WHERE AN EGYPTIAN RAILWAY BATTALION COMMITTED ACTS OF SABOTAGE AND WAS FIRED ON BY SUDANESE TROOPS: AN EXCITED CROWD ON THE WAY TO ATBARA.

It was stated on August 21 that the Egyptian Railway Battalion which caused the trouble at Atbara, in the Sudan, was being evacuated to Egypt, and that advance sections had arrived at Shellal on August 24. Part of the battalion was to be absorbed in other units, and part sent to the Reserve. It may be recalled that disturbances in the Sudan, which have since been the subject of an exchange of Notes and other communications between the British and Egyptian Governments, broke out on August 9 at Khartoum, on the 10th at Port Sudan, and on the 11th at Atbara. On August 12 the British Residency in Cairo stated: "The news from Atbara is that soldiers of the Railway Battalion left their barracks on the morning of August 11 and proceeded to demonstrate in the market place. They were surrounded by two British platoons and a half-squadron of Arab Mounted Rifles who had been sent on the previous day from Khartoum. Finally the demonstrators returned to barracks and a guard of Arab Mounted Rifles was placed over them. Later in the day some Egyptian soldiers of the Railway Battalion attempted to break the cordon established by the guard, who repulsed them, using the butts of their rifles. Subsequently the Egyptian soldiers attacked the guard, throwing bricks and other missiles, whereupon the guard fired. No British troops were present at the time of the firing

RAILWAY TROOPS: ATBARA—FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TO ARRIVE.

BY G.P.A.



WHERE 250 MEN OF THE EGYPTIAN RAILWAY BATTALION (SUBSEQUENTLY EVACUATED) WERE CONFINED TO BARRACKS, AND 16 OF THE RINGLEADERS ARRESTED: ATBARA—EXCITEMENT AT THE RAILWAY STATION.



CARRYING BANNERS BEARING ARABIC INSCRIPTIONS MEANING "COMPLETE INDEPENDENCE": A STREET PROCESSION IN ATBARA, WHERE EGYPTIAN AGITATORS ARE SAID TO HAVE FOMENTED DISTURBANCES

by the Sudan Mounted Rifles, which apparently occurred without orders and under extreme provocation. The casualties among the Railwaymen are 2 killed, 2 died of wounds, 11 seriously wounded, and 5 slightly wounded. Two boys who were in the barracks at the time were slightly wounded." A later communiqué added: "Further information now available from Atbara shows that the soldiers of the Egyptian Railway Battalion committed considerable sabotage within the railway works, using long iron bars in order to destroy motor-cars, machinery, and stock, and setting fire to some offices. They refused to respond to the moderating counsels of their commanding officer and two senior officials of the Sudan railways. By the Sirdar's order a Court of Inquiry has been set up, and is now hearing evidence, and will in due course issue its report. It appears that the order to fire was given by a Mulazim [subaltern] of the Sudanese Mounted Rifles, who instructed the Shawish [sergeant] to make the men fire over the heads of the Egyptian soldiers who were attacking the Sudanese." On August 14 it was stated that Atbara was then quiet, but that much damage had been done to motor-trolleys and machines, while workshops and offices had been wrecked. Of the Egyptian Railway Battalion 250 were confined to barracks and 16 of the ringleaders placed under arrest.

The Living Wine: "Almost Unearthly Perfection."

"THE WINES OF FRANCE." By H. WARNER ALLEN.*

IN potent youth, fiery and frenzied; in days of full-bodied discretion, warm and kindly; in velvet-clad age, mellow and of "almost unearthly perfection," like "a prime old gentleman, a little bent with years perhaps, but still with all the fragrance of finest intellect," the great wines live their capricious span with Burgundy as King, Bordeaux as Queen, and Champagne as Court Jester bladdering the jaded into laughter.

If they are to be sung by a Lord of Language, such as the panegyrist will have D'Annunzio to be,

one point the wine-lover should insist; the glass should be generously large. A horrid fashion prevails in England of filling wine glasses to the brim . . . a glass should be little more than half full, so that it can be tilted this way and that, and scientifically rotated, and a space should be left above the surface of the wine, where the subtle essences of the bouquet may gather."

To decant or not to decant is a problem much discussed. On the whole, expert opinion is against the decanter, and more particularly that of M. Mathieu. Mr. Warner Allen notes as to this: "One of the chief objections brought against his attitude is the difficulty of pouring out an old wine without shaking up the deposit. A steady hand is not enough, because if the bottle is tilted back after pouring, the wine rushing back from the neck will certainly disturb any loose sediment in the bottle. M. Mathieu relies on the basket to prevent this disaster, and Professor Saintsbury explains in greater detail how the basket must be used. 'As for Burgundy baskets . . . to make them of any real good, the whole of the contents should be poured into successive glasses, at only the necessary inclination, till the sedi-

ment is reached, and no tilting back permitted.'"

So to the temperatures at which wines should be served. "White wines should be a few degrees colder than the room, but not too cold. . . . Red wines should be drunk at the temperature of the room, since warmth develops their bouquet. . . . The heavier a wine, the colder it should be drunk."

Then to the actual drinking. "The cork should be drawn by the master of the house, who amid general anxiety smells it with infinite solicitude, being careful to wrap round it a napkin, so arranged that it cuts off all that part of the cork which has been exposed to the air and may therefore smell of mould and decay without fatal results to the wine. . . . With a steady even movement the wine is poured into the glasses that await it, until the first glimpse of sediment shows, itself at the neck. In silence host and guests raise their glasses level with their eyes, for colour paves the way to smell and taste. . . . After colour, bouquet. The glasses should be passed quietly beneath the nostrils, and its perfume lightly aspired. For a fuller appreciation of the bouquet the sense of smell must be assisted by an artifice. . . . A movement of rotation is given to the wine, so that its volatile elements may the more easily be set free to reach the sensory organs. . . . The warmth of the hands should be applied to the glass until the perfect temperature is reached. . . . The wine must be drunk as birds

drink water, in little sips, to be turned over and over, and rolled attentively round the tongue."

After that, it is not a matter for wonder when Mr. Warner Allen continues: "For the wine-lover the food should simply be a frame for the wines."

The next point is all-important. "As concerns the order of the wines there is one general and immutable principle: wines must be served in a gradually ascending scale, beginning with the youngest and lightest and gradually working up to the oldest and fullest bodied." Mr. Warner Allen's ideal is that of Mr. C. W. Berry, "prince of wine-lovers."

"With the *hors d'œuvre* came a Very Old Amon-tillado. . . . Chablis Moutonne 1904, with the soup, was the perfect expression of Chablis. . . . The full orchestral music of Montrachet, 1889 (Marquis de la Guiche) . . . was accompanied by a sole marguery. The same wonderful grape, the chardonnay or white pinot, produced both Chablis and Montrachet, but what a contrast between them! The deep gold and almost overpowering magnificence of the Montrachet, with its intensity and force, is the birthright of the greatest of white Burgundies, and, owing to its very splendour, theoretically, it was not perhaps quite in place in the banquet. . . . There followed a saddle of mutton and a pheasant to escort the three great Clarets, which were the crowning glory of this Dionysiac Agape—Château Lafite 1865, Château Lafite 1875, and a Magnum, the last illustrious Magnum, of Château Lafite 1864, all château-bottled. . . . After such a wine an anti-climax seemed inevitable, but the Sercial Madeira, 1854, which followed after a cheese *soufflé*, brought no sense of disappointment. . . . It heralded most honourably the coming of those rarest Cognacs, Grande Fine Champagne 1810 and 1830."

Thus one who is both master and willing slave of his subject, a writer who can be lyrical and practical in turn; now dealing with the making of wines,



SHOULD THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME BE CROWNED WITH SPIRES, AS INTENDED BY THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ARCHITECTS? THE CATHEDRAL AS IT IS TO-DAY.

alone in this our generation, they must be nurtured patiently under the most cherishing of guardians.

Writing in jest, but thinking in earnest, Mr. Warner Allen would have Chairs of Wine in our ancient universities! "The degree of Bacchi Baccalaureus would have an attractive punning flavour, and the most learned Don would be proud to boast that he was Vini Magister."

Then, in truth, would undergraduates have tantalisingly intricate questions to floor them: much cramming would go before a Pass, before the student could hope to be the complete cellarer or the Crichton of butlers. Many mysteries would have to be his: the growing of the grapes and their gathering; pests and "illnesses," their prevention and cure; the vital alliance between soil and climate and vines producing delicacy, bouquet, or fire; the pressing, and the fermentations when the temperature of the vat is "watched as closely as that of a fever patient, and each vat has a kind of hospital chart attached to it; the casking and the rackings; the fining; the clearings of sediment, when the practised *dégorgueur* of champagne can uncork and temporarily re-cork a thousand bottles or so a day; the bottling; the duration of the liquids' life; storage and the perils of travel; and service—especially service, with its elaborate ceremonial of handling, corks, glasses, baskets, and decanters, its precise temperatures and its "processional order" of classes and vintages.

Let us take that phase; the phase dearest to the connoisseur. The lures of the wine are four: its colour, its bouquet, its fruit, and its body. That is the ruling of M. Rodies. To see that each has its due is an art. Here is the manner of it.

"Wine glasses should be chosen so that every virtue in the precious liquid they contain may be appreciated. Generally speaking, coloured glasses are an abomination, since they deliberately obscure one of wine's most glorious qualities, its appeal to the eye. . . . In principle, then, glasses should be colourless. They should also be as thin as possible, so that when required the heat of the hand may be promptly transferred to their contents. . . . On

ment is reached, and no tilting back permitted."

So to the temperatures at which wines should be served. "White wines should be a few degrees colder than the room, but not too cold. . . . Red wines should be drunk at the temperature of the room, since warmth develops their bouquet. . . . The heavier a wine, the colder it should be drunk."

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now with the elusive subtleties of the vintages, with the romantic history, the traditions and the legends of the vineyards, and with the art of those whose claims accord with those of the Dukes of Burgundy who were proud to call themselves "immediate lords of the best wines in Christendom on account of their good land of Burgundy more famous and renowned than any other where wine grows."

If ever there be a Chair of Wine, "The Wines of France" will entitle Mr. Warner Allen to be its first occupant! Nothing could better prove his knowledge and his enthusiasm, or his ability to hold an audience fascinated.

E. H. G.



AS IT WOULD BE IF THE PLANS OF VIOLET-LE-DUC WERE CARRIED OUT: NOTRE DAME WITH SPIRES ADDED ON THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Paris has been discussing lately whether the towers of Notre Dame, left unfinished by the thirteenth-century architects, should now be crowned with spires, as originally intended. Certain rich Americans have offered to help in paying the cost. Leading Parisians are practically unanimous against the idea. The central spire was added in 1855 by Viollet-le-Duc, who designed spires for the towers that would increase their height from about 220 ft. to 406 ft.

* "The Wines of France." By H. Warner Allen. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 8s. 6d. net.)

OLD ROMANCE AND MODERN HOLIDAYS: TWILIGHT IN VENICE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LESLIE W. LANG, R.B.A.



RECENTLY VISITED BY BRITISH WARSHIPS: VENICE—A PAINTING BY LESLIE W. LANG, R.B.A.

Venice, which once held "the gorgeous East in fee," has become in latter days a lure to holiday-makers from the West. While some love to muse on her romantic past, explore her splendid buildings, or glide along in a gondola through the maze of her canals, others, of a more mundane sort, enjoy the delights of bathing on the Lido. Recently a squadron of the British Mediterranean Fleet, under Admiral Sir Osmond

de Beauvoir Brock, visited Venice, and exchanged hospitalities with the Italian naval authorities. Admiral Giovanni entertained Sir Osmond Brock on August 14, and on the following Sunday a reception was held on board the "Iron Duke," the British flag-ship. H.M.S. "Wren," moored in the Grand Canal, was an object of great interest to the Venetians.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A NEW FLIGHTLESS BIRD: THE RAIL OF INACCESSIBLE ISLAND.

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. E. LODGE.



FOUND IN A REMOTE ISLAND NEAR TRISTAN DA CUNHA: THE FLIGHTLESS RAIL, A SPECIMEN OF WHICH ONLY LATELY BROUGHT TO ENGLAND, IS "THE RAREST THING" AT WEMBLEY.

In the Tristan da Cunha section of the South African Pavilion at Wembley is a specimen of the Flightless Rail (*Atlantisia rogersi*) from Inaccessible Island, Mr. Douglas M. Gane, through whom it was obtained, writes to us: "The British Museum have been seeking a specimen for the last seventy years, and two were sent to me last year. One of these is shown at Wembley, and it is probably the rarest thing in the Exhibition." Describing the finding of specimens, the Rev. Martyn Rogers, the missionary of Tristan da Cunha, who sent two to the British

Museum, says: "The men of Tristan have recently made the great journey to Inaccessible Island. Natural history specimens were obtained, including that rare and peculiar bird known as the 'island cock.' This bird is small, of a black plumage, has red eyes, and is almost wingless. It never flies, but runs with amazing swiftness, and is very clever and cunning at escaping men and dogs. The 'Quest' expedition sought vainly for this bird. Its eggs have never been seen or obtained."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE KING'S LONDON GRANDSON—NOW WITH A YORKSHIRE BROTHER.

PHOTO-ETCHING (BY SPECIAL PROCESS) BY JAMES HADON AND SONS, OF NEW BOND STREET, AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



NOW PROVIDED WITH A LITTLE BROTHER BORN IN YORKSHIRE: PRINCESS MARY'S ELDER SON, THE HON. GEORGE HENRY HUBERT LASCELLES, WHO IS A NATIVE OF LONDON, HAVING BEEN BORN AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE ON FEBRUARY 7, 1923.



THE YORKSHIRE BIRTHPLACE OF THE KING'S SECOND GRANDSON: GOLDSBOROUGH HALL, WHERE PRINCESS MARY'S NEW BABY ARRIVED ON HIS PATERNAL GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Yorkshire is very proud of its association with the Royal Family, as the home county of the King's only daughter, and as providing the title of the Duke of York. There was great rejoicing, therefore, over the fact that the birth of a second son to Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, and Viscount Lascelles, had taken place at Goldsborough Hall, their Yorkshire seat near Knaresborough. There had been some slight disappointment when the Princess's first boy was born in London, though his christening at Goldsborough made up for it. By a happy coincidence, the new baby arrived on the birthday of his paternal grand-

father, the Earl of Harewood, who was seventy-eight on the same day, August 21. It has been suggested that the baby may be given the name of Ulick, after the Earl. The news of the birth was announced by a notice posted on the outer door of Goldsborough Hall, and was quickly telegraphed to the King at Balmoral and to the Queen at Alnwick Castle. A bulletin of August 23 stated: "H.R.H. the Princess Mary and her son are both making excellent progress. No further bulletins will be issued." A photo-etching of Princess Mary appeared in our last number.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SINGLE-ENGINED AEROPLANE: THE "CUBAROO."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPECIAL PRESS AND CENTRAL PRESS.



WEIGHING NINE TONS, BUT MANŒUVRED AS EASILY AS A SINGLE-SEATER SCOUT: THE HUGE BLACKBURN-NAPIER "CUBAROO" ON ITS TRIAL FLIGHT AT BROUGH.

HOW THE HUGE WINGS ARE FOLDED FOR STORAGE: THE HINGE OF THE RIGHT-HAND WING (TURNED BACK TOWARDS THE TAIL).



INDICATING THE IMMENSE SIZE OF THE MACHINE: TWENTY AIR REPRESENTATIVES SHELTERING UNDER ONE OF THE WINGS DURING A SHOWER OF RAIN.



SHOWING THE TORPEDO RACK (ABOVE THE MAN ON THE EXTREME LEFT): A CLOSE VIEW OF THE LARGE LANDING WHEELS (4 FT. HIGH).



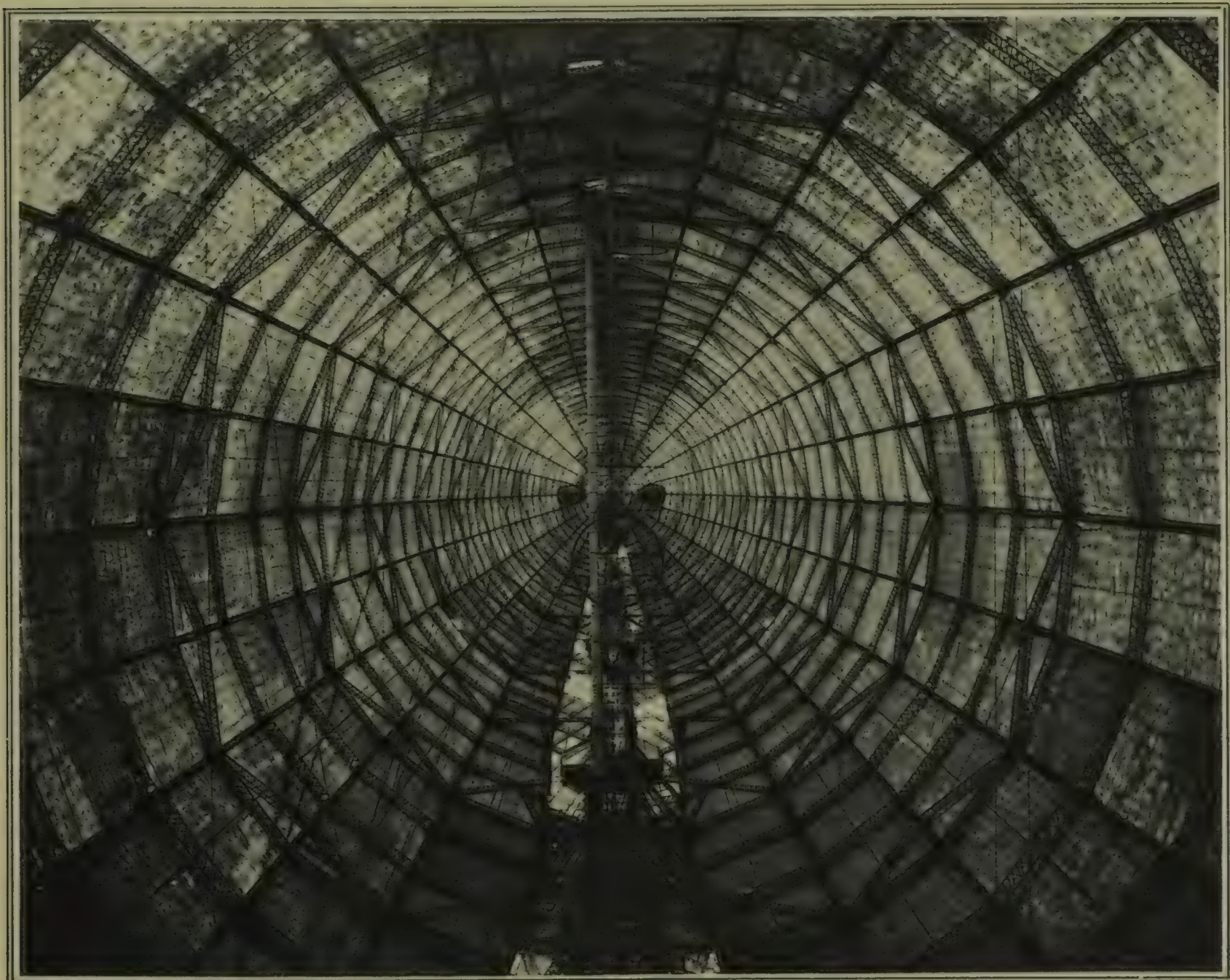
WITH AN OVER-ALL HEIGHT OF 19 FT., LENGTH OF 54 FT., AND WING SPAN OF 98 FT.: THE "CUBAROO"—FINISHING TOUCHES BEFORE THE FLIGHT.

The new monster bombing aeroplane known as the "Cubaroo," built for the Air Ministry by the Blackburn Aeroplane Company, with a 1000-h.p. engine by Messrs. D. Napier and Son, made its first official flight on August 21 at Brough, near Hull. The pilot was Flight-Lieutenant W. S. Bulman, a well-known test-pilot from the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, who handled and manœuvred the great machine as easily as though it were a single-seater scout. It rose into the air after a run of less than 200 yards, and after a twenty-minutes' flight, during which it turned, banked, climbed, and moved in a small circle, a perfect landing was effected. The test was very successful, and a triumph

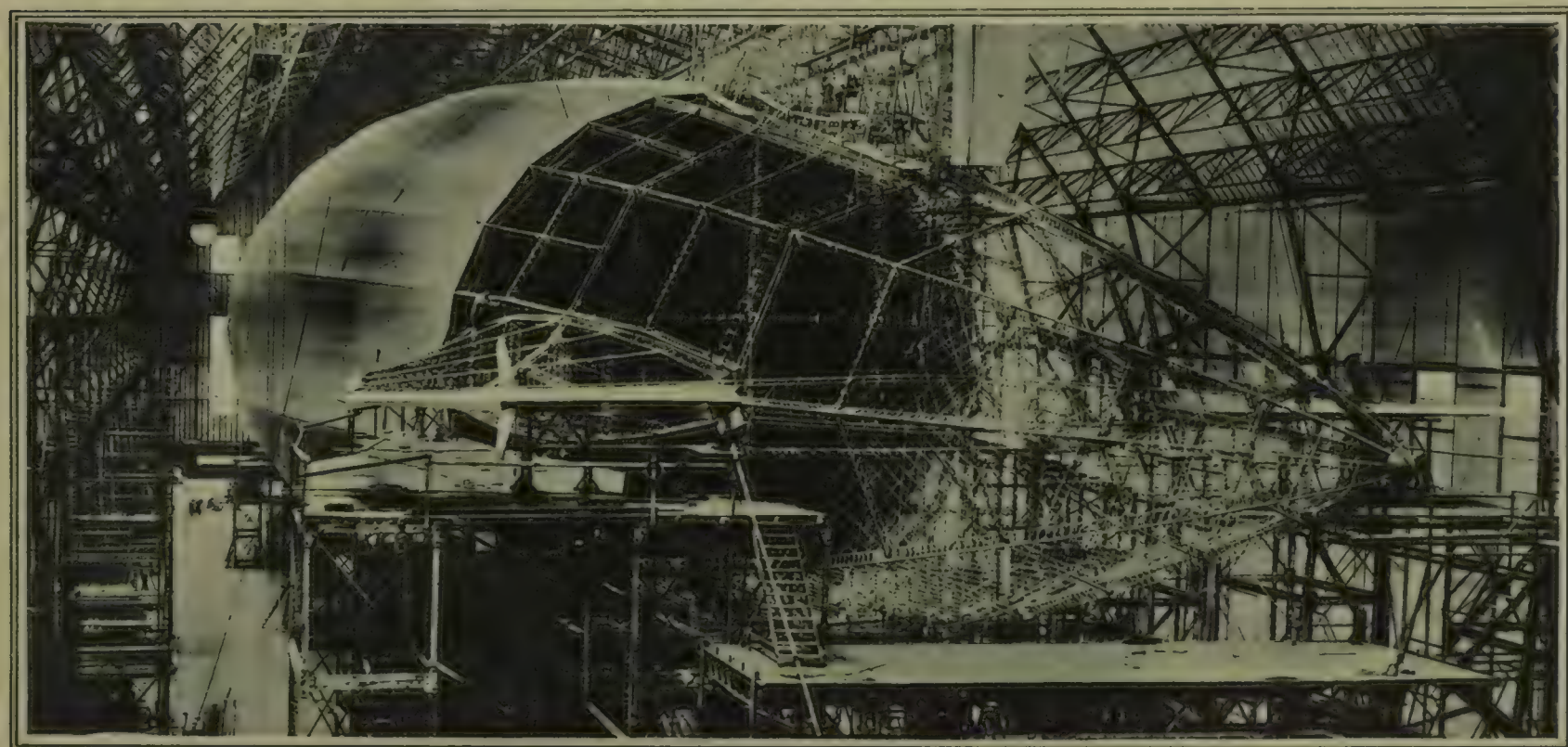
for the aeroplane and engine builders, who were congratulated by a party of distinguished British and foreign air representatives present. The "Cubaroo" has a gross weight of over 9 tons, a carrying capacity of 3 tons, wing-span of 98 ft., length 54 ft., and height over all, over 19 ft. There are two pairs of landing wheels, with a rack for bombs or torpedoes between them and under the body (as may be seen in the two lower photographs). The wings can be folded back for storage. The machine is the largest single-engine aeroplane in the world, and the 1000-h.p. Napier "Cub" that drives it is the highest-powered aero engine ever constructed.

A ZEPPELIN TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC: REPARATION FOR THE U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEUMANN FILM PRODUCTION, BERLIN.



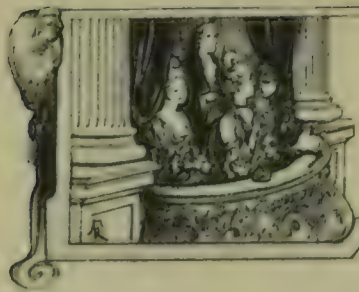
SOON TO START ON HER FLIGHT FROM FRIEDRICHSHAFEN TO NEW YORK AND (IF SUCCESSFUL) THE FIRST CIVILIAN ZEPPELIN TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC:
THE "Z.R.3"—THE HUGE INTERIOR AFTER COMPLETION OF THE FRAMEWORK.



WITH THE OUTER SKIN IN POSITION ON THE FRONT HALF: THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW ZEPPELIN "Z.R.3," TAPERING TO A SHARP-POINTED STERN,
DURING CONSTRUCTION IN ITS SHED AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

The new Zeppelin "Z.R.3" (the official American number), or "L.Z.126," as the Germans call her, has been built at the expense of the German Government as a substitute for two rigid airships awarded to the United States, by way of reparation, under the Versailles Treaty. The German airships surrendered in 1918 were destroyed by their crews in their sheds. In deciding to take a single airship equal in volume to two of those destroyed, the U.S. Government stipulated that it should be of a civilian, not a military, type, and should embody the latest designs. It was arranged that the "Z.R.3," which was recently completed, should begin some preliminary trial flights on August 25, and start for America early in September. The probable route is from Friedrichshafen to the south coasts of England and Ireland, and thence across

the Atlantic to Newfoundland and Lakehurst—a total distance of 4350 miles. If successful, she will be the first civilian Zeppelin to cross the Atlantic, but not the first airship, as the flight to America and back was accomplished some years ago by the British "R.34." The "Z.R.3" is of the usual torpedo shape with blunt rounded nose and sharp-pointed stern. She was built in a shed on the north shore of Lake Constance. Her length is 665 ft., greatest diameter about 90 ft., and greatest height about 101 ft. It takes 2,472,000 cubic feet of hydrogen to inflate her. The total lift is about 86 tons, not including the weight of the gas, and the ship is designed to carry twenty passengers and a considerable amount of cargo. Her maximum speed is about seventy-six miles an hour.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



THE AMERICAN WAY.

THEY all knew him in London, for he has a good Cockney name, and his father is well known round Carey Street—not because he has been a bankrupt (perish the thought!) but because he has a business where lawyers run in and out to buy stationery and have a pow-wow with the dear old fellow: a character, perfect digest of law and Shakespeare. He was a great amateur in his day, and that is perhaps why his son, my hero, was no good in business as a junior with Dutch egg and

the call-boy has a little leisure. He used it well. Night after night he stood by the prompter and learned his trade; night after night he dogged the steps of the stage-manager and learned his. The prompter fell ill, the stage-manager ditto; and our friend boldly walked into the manager's sanctum and asked for a chance, was looked at askance, pleaded hard, got it, and did well. He felt equipped and sought an engagement on the road as A.S.M. (Assistant Stage-Manager); the cents grew rapidly

into dollars. He careered all over the States, from New Jersey to New Orleans. It was a hard, restless, responsible life—oh, those one-night stands, those endless railway journeys, those thousandfold worries with people and with luggage! However, it was all in the day's work. The prompter became a full-fledged stage-manager. Sometimes he acted in a case of emergency, but, as he candidly admitted, "I was a damn bad actor, and it wasn't my game." That theatre in Herald Square, that was the goal. It was yet a long way off! Never mind, where there's a will there's a way; when brain helps progress, there's no limit.

Now by that time he had learned all there was to be known

of the theatre; he had seen and helped to produce untold plays—he would write one; it was "as easy as that"! Yes; but how to get it on when it was written? He had to find the missing link—to league in with a dramatist who had the hearing of managers. Of course, he knew many authors, but there is a gulf between a young stage-manager and a successful playwright; a partnership such stuff as dreams are made on. Still, he was bold and he was imaginative, and he was indeed the "cute guy" of his first laudation. He found a plot, a wonderful story of crime, in Albert Bataille's famous volumes of French trials. He composed a minute scenario, and, certain that it would "catch on," he sent it—"cute guy"—under the pseudonym of a lady to a well-known dramatist. Whether it was the lady or the scenario that did the trick, our hero is unable to say, but he got a most affable reply, full of praise for the scenario, a proposal of collaboration, and an invitation to discuss terms and other matters. The situation, however promising, was a little ticklish; he had to make a clean breast of his false pretence of sex, and he went to the interview with lead in his shoes. But the dramatist was also a humorist; after his first astonishment, he took the hoax in good part, and the young Englishman into partnership. That was not a stride—it was a leap. Herald Square came a few miles nearer within sight.

Meanwhile, he continued his career as a stage-manager. He believed in the bird in the hand. In due course the play was completed and performed. It was a fair success—it did not set the Hudson on fire, but it ran a hundred nights, and ran on the road. He had made a little name (for, of course, the collaborator got the lion's share of kudos and of the shekels) and some money.

In London, with his fees in the bank, he would have gaily started as a lessee and a manager. But in New York, management is a far costlier game than in London. He would play the waiting game and forge ahead. Instead of plunging into the managerial vortex, he worked hard on the stage and the social ladder, and he fell in love with a budding leading lady. She was a charming woman, popular in Society, and, to him, a real helpmate, as the sequel will show. One night he and his bride were bidden to a supper party. The neighbour of the young wife was a rich banker much interested in theatres. He was charmed by his companion, and she, with true feminine power of divination, perceived that "Kismet" had not for nothing placed her next to the millionaire. Can you imagine what a loving, ambitious wife will pour into willing ears of the hopes and dreams and aspirations of her husband? To make a long story short, when she reached the climax of her plea, and told him the wonderful opportunity to rent the Blank Theatre, near Herald Square, the rich man, in post-prandial mind, and no doubt under the spell of the fair charmer, asked her how much would be wanted for the enterprise. She named a figure, and he—these things happen in America—said without further ado: "Very well; it's clinched. You will hear from me in the course of to-morrow." After that the guests rose, and there was dancing. In the interval the millionaire sought his late supper partner, and said: "Referring to our little chat, I find that I have my cheque-book on me—I may as well give it you now." Whereupon he whipped out a cheque-book from his pocket, a fountain-pen, and scribbled. A second later 50,000 dollars, "On account," said he with a smile, slipped into the corsage of the future manager's wife. "There is but one condition," he said; "and I take your word for it. No one except your husband must know that I am your banker—you are too young and too pretty, you know. People will talk."

"And that's how I, a little later, became the owner of that theatre not far from Herald Square," said our hero.

And that's why I, a confidant who heard the tale, but asked no questions (in fact, I have no idea who the millionaire is), must not divulge the "Who's Who" of the case. But it is the true chronicle of how a young English City clerk fared well in the American Way.



ONE OF MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S "LITTLE PLAYS OF ST. FRANCIS," AT THE GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL: "SISTER CLARE"—THE BRETHREN PRAYING AROUND THE SLEEPING SISTER (MISS WINIFRED BARROWS).

butter and cheese importers on the quay by the Custom House. He was a bright lad, but he had no head for figures, and he loathed the Dutch farm produce which brought him eighty a year—not so bad a salary twenty years ago. He was always full of the theatre: he saw all the plays; he knew the career of all the actors of the day from A to Z; he could quote epigrams from Wilde and tirades from Shaw with rare retentiveness of memory. Had he been as well versed in his trade, he might have become the Cheese King of London—as his employer told him. But the theatre was in his blood—and who knows what that means could predict what would inevitably happen. He took time by the forelock—for the "sack" was happing over him—and he ran away; or rather, he sailed forth. In those days steerage to New York cost three pounds—and no questions asked at Ellis Island with regard to percentage of immigration; so, with a month's salary safely in his pocket (he was wise enough to skedaddle on pay-day), he felt a Croesus with worlds before him to conquer.

He arrived duly in the great Transatlantic city, where he did not know a soul. With one thing and another, his cash had melted down to ten dollars—at a pinch, enough for a week or two on frugal rations. He had heard of a paper called *Variety*, and bought it. There he read: "Call Boy wanted at 50c. a day; apply Blank Theatre, Herald Square." He entered the stage-door keeper's lodge with a bland face and the firm determination that he would get in, and that one day the theatre would be his. It is. But I must not disturb the regular course of evolution. In America, it appears, they do not worry much about references, as with us; all they did was to ask about his experience, and he told the tale. Oh, yes; he knew all about the job: he had been at the Haymarket in London—the little liar!—and had come over to better himself.

The truth was, so he told me, when I met him in Switzerland the other day, and enticed him to unfold the story of his successful life, that he had read a series of articles in an old theatrical paper in London, and had paid particular attention to the chapter, "Call Boys" and "Stage Managers" (the "producer" was hardly mentioned in those days of actor-managers, who took all the credit). So he had at least a theoretical smattering of his future activities. He set to work many times with the cold sweat of fear on his brow, but he got on. His "boss" called him a "cute guy," and gave him 25c. rise. When the act is in progress and all the characters are "on,"



GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL PLAYERS IN "OUR LADY OF POVERTY": THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY (MISS WINIFRED BARROWS) AND HER MAIDENS LISTEN TO A TOURNEY OF SONG AT THE COURT OF LOVE.

The Glastonbury Festival Players recently gave in the Assembly Rooms at Glastonbury six of the eighteen "Little Plays of St. Francis," by Mr. Laurence Housman, including "Sister Clare" and "Our Lady of Poverty." The latter play sets forth the early career of the Saint, who appears as a young gallant, named Francesco, at the Court of Love, where the Queen of Beauty listens to a tourney of song. Next there enters a leper, and after speech with him Francesco renounces the world. This play (like some of the others) was accompanied by incidental music by Mr. Rutland Boughton, whose new opera, "The Queen of Cornwall" (a setting of Thomas Hardy's play, "The Famous Tragedy of Tintagel in Lyonesse") was given later at the Festival.—[Photographs by C.N.]

A SEASIDE TOUCH ON THE EMBANKMENT: PIERROTS AND DECK-CHAIRS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



A "SEASIDE" ENTERTAINMENT IN THE HEART OF LONDON: A TROUPE OF PIERROTS GIVING A PERFORMANCE IN THE BANDSTAND OF THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS NEAR CHARING CROSS.

Londoners can now enjoy the illusion of imagining themselves at the seaside, by attending the new type of entertainment given in the bandstand of the Victoria Embankment gardens. By permission of the London County Council, a troupe of Pierrots, known as the Gold Tips Concert Party, recently gave a concert there, and the performance is to be repeated every Wednesday. This is a change from

the ordinary band programmes. The illumination of the bandstand with coloured lights, and the deck-chairs provided for part of the audience, make the whole scene reminiscent of an evening on the front at Brighton or Margate. The ripple of the Thames against the Embankment, and the occasional note of a barge on the river, represent the sea.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MONTAGU'S HARRIER.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

NO longer am I a dweller in the wilds. Much against my will, I have returned to a barren waste of bricks and mortar, where the only wild beasts are motor-cars and "taxis." But, though the days of my "retreat" were all too short, they were joyous while they lasted. The throbbing pulses of life all around me quickened my own, so that I saw long-familiar facts in a new light. But more than this: one evening I had the great good fortune to see an otter disporting himself in the water, and every day I was able to watch the aerial evolutions of a pair of Montagu's harriers (Fig. 1), which were breeding within a mile of the house which gave me shelter when the day was done.

Time was when this bird, its near relation, the Hen-harrier, and the Marsh-harrier, were common

It is devoutly to be hoped that this remnant will be jealously guarded.

To see these birds on the wing, day after day, was a never-ending source of delight. Twice I made my way to the nest to inspect and photograph the nestlings. It was a toilsome journey, made in the broiling sun, followed by a black cloud of flies—some of which had a most vicious bite—through a jungle of long grass, and reeds which seemed to dispute every foot of the way. But the goal was worth it. Long before the nest was reached, the old birds gave evidence of their alarm at the sight of intruders on their domain. They made, however, no attempt to beat us off, as some birds will, but, instead, retreated to what they regarded as a safe distance, calling, wheeling, turning, and gliding round on widespread pinions, the quills of the hand being splayed out so as to present a serrated edge against the sky. Every now and then they would give two or three rapid wing-beats, and then glide downwards for yards. Sometimes the legs would be suddenly dropped, to aid the long tail in steering; but for the most part they were held close up under the tail, as is usual with birds in flight.

At last the nest, a mere platform of reed-stems amid the towering reeds, was reached. There crouched the youngsters, thickly clad in a downy raiment of spotless white. But the older bird showed a V-shaped band of dark-brown feathers on the back. It was a great moment; for never before had I seen young harriers in the nest. After I had photographed them, I searched, but in vain, for remnants of their last meal, hoping to find bones, fur, or feathers, or remains of snakes or frogs. But the old birds had left no broken meats of any kind to satisfy my curiosity.

A week later I paid a second visit. The parents behaved in precisely the same manner. The youngsters had now grown strong enough to obey the command to hide which was, so to speak, shouted at them from above. For on reaching the nest, we found it empty. A moment's search, however, showed the fugitives crouching among the reeds just outside the nest. They were tenderly lifted out, in spite of their protests in the shape of a ferocious display of open mouths. The elder bridled up and showed fight. Nevertheless, they were placed in the nest, and again posed for a photograph, which is shown here (Fig. 2). The larger, older bird was now showing traces of feathers on the breast, while his back and wing feathers had also grown considerably. In the younger bird no more than the V-shaped band of feathers on the back had made their appearance. Again I found no trace of food at the nest, but some distance away I picked up a pellet, doubtless dropped by one of the parents, and this consisted of fur and portions of a young rabbit. Before I left this paradise, both had grown strong enough to take short flights of some thirty or forty yards at a stretch, and I fervently hope that they will escape the gun to return next year to the haunts of their birthplace.

There is little difference in the matter of size between the sexes of the adults; but the male is distinguished by the ashy-grey of the upper parts, and the streaks of pale chestnut on the under-parts. The female is dark-brown above, and has the under-parts streaked with a rufous brown. The spread of the wings is about three feet. This bird may be distinguished in the field from its near relation, the Hen-harrier, by its slightly smaller size and more graceful build, and in having a grey, rather than a conspicuously white, rump-patch. So closely do the two species resemble one another that the older ornithologists failed to discriminate between them. It was Montagu, the author of the famous Ornithological Dictionary, who first realised this, when

he pointed out, just over 120 years ago, that two species had been confused under the term, "Hen-harrier." This second he called the "Ash-coloured falcon." Later this name was dropped for the more appropriate "Montagu's harrier."

By the older ornithologists the harriers were regarded as forming an annectant link between the hawk and the owl tribe. And this because the harriers display a curiously disc-like arrangement of the feathers of the face, resembling that of the owls, though less markedly developed. The fact that both lay white eggs was taken as a further witness to this relationship. The disc-like face feathers of the harrier are shown in the accompanying figure (Fig. 4), taken from Witherby's incomparable book on British Birds.



FIG. 3.—A POINT OF CONTRAST BETWEEN OWLS AND HAWKS: THE FLASK-LIKE CÆCA OF AN OWL.

This photograph shows "the cæca, or 'blind gut,' of an owl, wherein, as in the Night-jars, they terminate in the form of a large, bulbous chamber of unknown function. In the hawk-tribe the cæca are represented by mere stumps."

But the anatomy of the two types shows that they have nothing in common, save that both are predaceous. Apart from profound differences in their musculature and skeletons, there is singular contrast between the two in the matter of the cæcum, or "blind-gut." In the owls this portion of the intestine presents the peculiar flask-shape (Fig. 3) which obtains in their near relations, the night-jars. In the hawk tribe no more than vestiges of these cæca are found. And this is really a very remarkable fact, so far inexplicable. The night-jars are entirely insectivorous, feeding mainly on beetles and

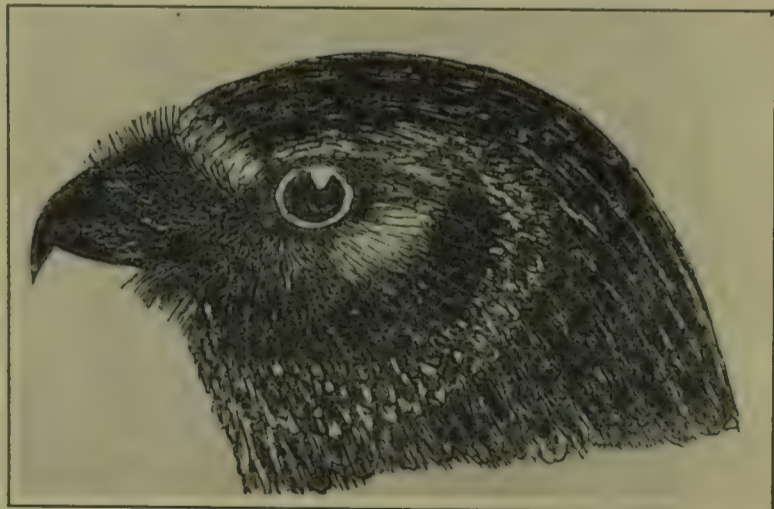


FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE CURIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF THE FEATHERS OF THE FACE TO FORM A DISC, AS IN THE OWLS: THE HEAD OF A HARRIER.

From Witherby's "British Birds."

moths. The owls, like the hawks, are "flesh-eaters." One would have supposed that, in consequence, as in the hawks, these cæca would have disappeared. It is true that many owls live largely on beetles, and it might be argued that therefore they had a use for the large cæca. But so also do many of the hawk tribe. The harriers, for example, will readily eat beetles. Some of the small falcons feed almost entirely on these insects. They should, then, one would have supposed, have large cæca. They don't. One must assume, then, that in the owls these appendages have taken on some new function, otherwise they would have become reduced to the condition of vestiges, as is the rule with organs which have ceased to serve any useful purpose. But we have yet to find what that function is.



FIG. 1.—AT THE NEST, AND IN FLIGHT: THE ADULT MONTAGU'S HARRIER.

From a Picture by Thorburn.

wherever country suitable to their habits obtained. But the drainage of our fen lands slowly reduced their numbers, and the gamekeeper harried the few pairs that clung tenaciously to their few remaining strongholds, so that their utter extermination seemed inevitable. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the Wild Birds Protection Society, and of a few landowners who take large views in the matter of the preservation of our vanishing birds, Montagu's harrier, at least, has in a measure been restored to us; since for the last few years a pair or two have bred almost annually in East Anglia, and fairly often in Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire.



FIG. 2.—PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE NEST: TWO YOUNG MONTAGU'S HARRIERS.

"The younger, crouching bird shows the V-shaped band of feathers pushing their way through the down. In the older bird, which is standing up, feathers are appearing on the breast."

Photograph by W. P. Pycraft.

WEMBLEY UNDER THE "SEARCHLIGHT": STRIKING SCENES AT NIGHT.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY, TAKEN DURING THE FILMING OF THE EXHIBITION BY NIGHT.



WITH THREE OF THE GREAT 1½-MILLION-CANDLE-POWER ARC-LAMPS: FILMING THE INTERIOR OF "CANADA" ON A SUNDAY—SHOWING SOME OF THE LANDSCAPE MODELS AND DECORATIONS MADE OF CANADIAN SEEDS AND GRAINS.



THE MOST POWERFUL LIGHTING EVER USED FOR CINEMATOGRAPHY: "SUNLIGHT" ARC-LAMPS TRAINED ON THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION FROM LORRIES THAT CONVEYED THE APPARATUS ROUND THE EXHIBITION.

On this and four succeeding pages we give a set of magnificent photographs of the British Empire Exhibition, taken recently during the making of the official film, "Wembley By Night." The apparatus for the film was very elaborate, including nine sunlight arc-lamps each of 1½-million candle-power, and six lorries for conveying them from point to point. It was the first time that such powerful lighting had been used for cinematography. The staff of operators and assistants numbered twenty-five. Among the subjects filmed were the "Storming of Zeebrugge" in the Admiralty Theatre of the British Government Pavilion, and various scenes in the Amusement Park. There was great eagerness

on the part of the crowds of visitors to be included in the pictures, and they followed the operators about in thousands, oblivious of the warning not to look at the lamps because of their blinding brilliance. After eleven o'clock, when the Exhibition grounds are cleared of visitors, the film operators took night views of the principal buildings, and on a Sunday, when the Exhibition is closed to the public, they obtained some new pictures of the interior of the Canadian Pavilion and of the Queen's Dolls' House in the Palace of Arts. Our photographs show some of the most picturesque scenes, taken with and without attendant crowds of onlookers.

WEMBLEY UNDER THE "SEARCHLIGHT": STRIKING NIGHT SCENES—ORIENTAL, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY, TAKEN DURING THE FILMING OF THE EXHIBITION BY NIGHT.



CANADA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE IMPOSING CANADIAN PAVILION, SEEN ACROSS THE LAKE, WITH ITS PICTURESQUE LITTLE ISLANDS IN THE FOREGROUND.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE: ONE END OF THE BRIDGE BUILDINGS LIT UP AGAINST THE DARK SKY, WITH A CROWD OF VISITORS EAGER TO BE IN THE PICTURE.



BURMAH: THE EXQUISITE BURMESE PAVILION, WITH ITS PAGODA-LIKE SPIRES OF CARVED WOOD—SHOWING A CROWD ON THE LEFT AND PART OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE BEYOND.



INDIA: PART OF THE GREAT COURTYARD OF THE BEAUTIFUL INDIAN PAVILION, WITH ITS GRACEFUL PILLARS AND ARCHES, AND TALL MINARETS RISING INTO THE NIGHT.

WEMBLEY UNDER THE "SEARCHLIGHT": STRIKING SCENES AT NIGHT.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY, TAKEN DURING THE FILMING OF THE EXHIBITION BY NIGHT.



THE GLORY OF EASTERN EXUBERANCE IN ARCHITECTURE: A FAIRY-LIKE VIEW OF THE INDIAN PAVILION, WITH ITS CLUSTER OF MINARETS, REFLECTED IN THE WATERS OF THE LAKE, AND GLEAMING THROUGH THE TREES.



THE GRANDEUR OF WESTERN SIMPLICITY IN ARCHITECTURE: THE SEVERELY PLAIN FRONT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION, MASSIVE AND CYCLOPEAN, SHOWING SOME OF THE SIX COLOSSAL LIONS THAT GUARD ITS PORTALS.

WEMBLEY UNDER THE "SEARCHLIGHT": STRIKING SCENES AT NIGHT.

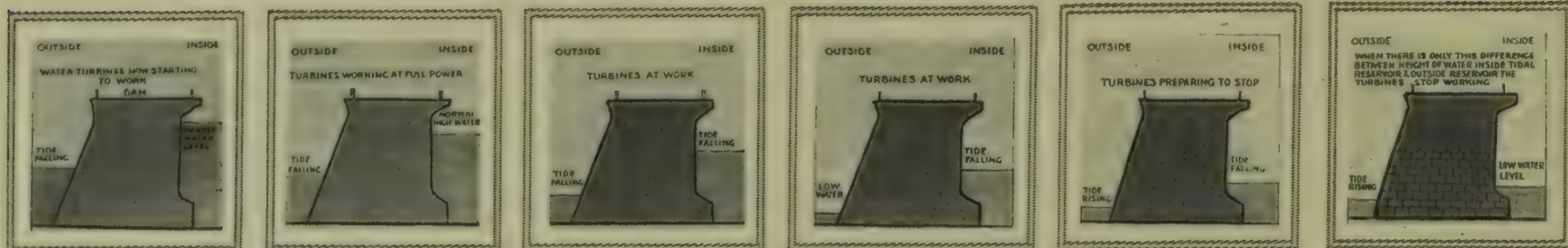
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPRELL-GRAY, TAKEN DURING THE FILMING OF THE EXHIBITION BY NIGHT.



A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF A MODERN FAÇADE, IN CONCRETE ON CLASSICAL LINES: THE FRONT OF THE CANADIAN PAVILION—
A NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH THAT SHOWS THE DESIGN IN DETAIL AND IN ITS TOTAL EFFECT.

ALLOTTED £95,000 FOR INQUIRY: A PROPOSED SEVERN BARRAGE.

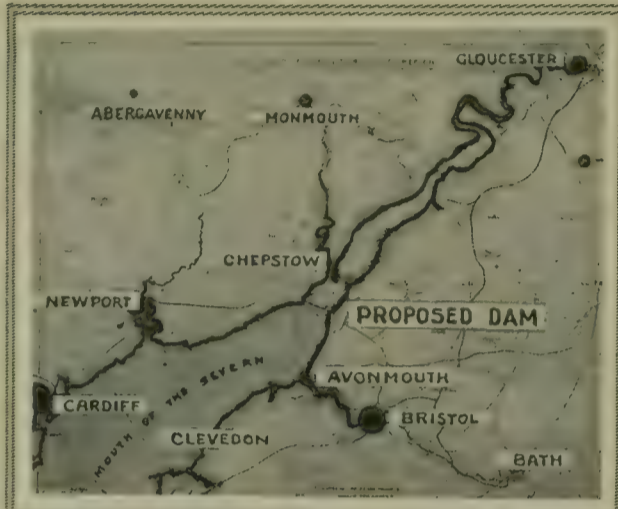
DIAGRAMS DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. A. J. LIVERSEDGE, A.M.I.C.E., AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE AND MAP BELOW.



HOW THE TIDAL POWER WOULD OPERATE WITH FLUCTUATIONS OF THE TIDE: DIAGRAMS SHOWING A CROSS-SECTION OF THE PROPOSED SEVERN DAM, WITH VARYING TIDE LEVELS OUTSIDE (ON THE LEFT) AND INSIDE (ON THE RIGHT), AND CORRESPONDING VARIATIONS IN THE ACTIVITY OF TURBINES ACCORDING TO THE STATE OF THE TIDE.

"THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Philip Snowden," writes Mr. A. J. Liversedge, "has authorised expenditure up to £95,000 for the purpose of finding out whether this great power project is feasible, technically and commercially, or not, at the present time. This development arises out of the Water Power Resources Committee appointed by Mr. Lloyd George's Government in 1918. This Committee was one of the strongest bodies of its kind ever set up in this country. In an interim report dealing with Tidal Power, issued in December 1920, the Committee unanimously and strongly recommended that 'The Board of Trade, in consultation with the Ministry of Transport, should set up a special Technical Commission, consisting mainly of expert engineers and persons of scientific attainments, to investigate the possibility, from a commercial standpoint, of utilising the tides for power purposes,' and that 'the enquiry should be pursued with special reference to the Severn Estuary.' In the Committee's Final Report, issued in November 1921, these recommendations were repeated. It is remarkable that the setting up of this enquiry should have been left to a Labour Government. While £95,000 is a large sum to spend on an enquiry, it indicates that the Board of Trade and their advisers do not mean to run any risk or take anything for granted. This project, in certain ill-informed quarters, has been described as a 'wild-cat' proposition, but the Committee was about the last body in the world to recommend the expenditure of a penny of public money on any proposition whatever of the 'wild-cat' order. The picture on the opposite page gives a very complete representation of this project as it may probably be carried out if the inquiry provides the necessary support. Many alternatives in important details are possible, but in the present state of knowledge no other kind of scheme seems practicable, as was discovered by the Ministry of Transport in Sir Eric Geddes' time, when one was developed there under Sir Alexander Gibb. The views

THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF THE PROPOSED SEVERN BARRAGE: A MAP SHOWING THE CHIEF TOWNS WITHIN A RADIUS OF THIRTY MILES.



shown are mostly taken from plans submitted to the Water Power Resources Committee. The dam shown, constituting the 'barrage,' will be over two-and-a-quarter miles long—the longest in the world. It will be perforated wherever possible by openings controlled by some form of sluice gate. There will be a very large number of these sluices to permit the easiest possible flow of the tidal stream up through the dam. The operation of this barrage will be very simple. The tide will be allowed to flow up through the open sluices until high water is reached, when there will be the same level of water above the dam (that is, in the tidal reservoir) as below. The sluices will then be closed, and therefore, as the tide ebbs away below the dam, there will be produced a difference of level between the water in the tidal reservoir and the water below the dam. As soon as this difference of level is sufficient, the water in the tidal reservoir will be allowed to run out through water-power turbines in the power houses, developing power as it runs through. How this operation proceeds

is shown by the diagrammatic sketches on this page. There is this difficulty, which is inherent in any tidal power project whatever. As everybody knows, the tide is a constantly varying and intermittent function; for our purposes here, it will only 'work' during certain hours out of every twelve, and never for precisely the same hours for two days together; but a power station must be able to supply power all the time. This difficulty is to be got over in this way. While the tide 'works,' a certain number of tidal water turbines will be developing electricity directly, but certain others will be pumping water from the estuary to a high-level storage reservoir, where it will remain until the tide ceases to work, when it will be let down through other turbines in the 'Secondary Power House,' which turbines will also develop electricity. In this way, electricity will be provided every hour of the day and night, whatever the state of the tide. When the scheme is fully developed, it will be capable of

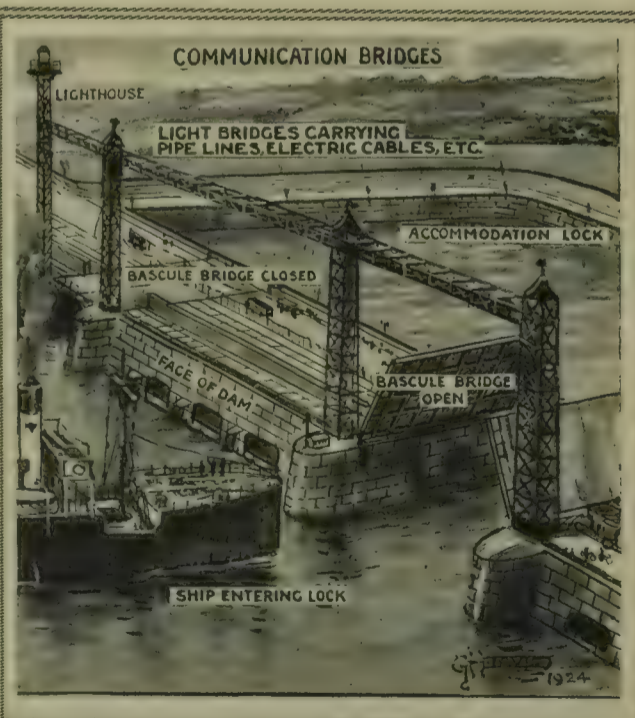
(Continued in Box 5.)



SHOWING THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE SLUICES, WHICH WOULD BE VERY NUMEROUS: A CROSS-SECTION OF THE PROPOSED DAM, OR BARRAGE, AT THE MOUTH OF THE SEVERN.

supplying over 200,000 kilowatts, or Board of Trade units of electricity, continuously, or more than 1,500,000,000 units a year, which is more than was supplied last year by all the London public authorities and companies and the seven largest electricity power stations in this country outside the Metropolitan area—that is to say, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds and Bradford. The station would thus be able to supply all the electricity at present used within a radius of thirty miles, and have enough over to supply all London, and the next five biggest towns in the country. The high-level reservoir may be at a height of anything from 350 ft. to 800 ft. above the level of the water in the estuary below—there are various sites available—

(Continued below.)



WITH TWO BASCULE BRIDGES—ONE SHUT (LEFT) AND ONE OPEN TO ADMIT A SHIP INTO DOCK: PART OF THE PROPOSED DAM, WHICH WOULD FORM A ROAD AND RAILWAY BRIDGE.

(Continued)
and, incidentally, might well be made the basis of a great sanatorium and a paradise for the sea angler. There may, and probably will be more than one of these reservoirs. The situation on the Severn is unique. There are only two places in the world where the tide runs higher than it does in the Severn; one is in China, and the other in the Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and neither has anything like the local advantages of our own Severn, where the conditions are ideal. While the project is thus important as a power development scheme, it may be utilised to provide much-needed additional means of communication across the Severn. The Severn Tunnel service is now,

and has been for some time, greatly congested. In the picture, trains are shown running along the summit of the dam. The locking arrangements indicated will permit the railway service to run without interruption by ships passing through the locks, but various alternative arrangements are possible. These locks are shown at about what is called 'The Shoots,' where there is the greatest depth of water in the present channel. The lattice towers shown, with the beacon light at the one end, are to provide means for continuous electric cables along the dam, and perhaps water-pipes also. Then the project may mean a great new port or harbour—shall we say Port George V. or Port Mary?—and a great new

(Continued opposite.)

HARNESSING THE TIDE FOR ELECTRICITY: A UNIQUE POWER SCHEME.

PICTORIAL DIAGRAM DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. A. J. LIVERSEDGE, A.M.I.C.E.



THE LONGEST EVER DEVISED, AND ABLE TO SUPPLY ELECTRIC POWER TO ALL LONDON AND THE NEXT FIVE BIGGEST TOWNS:
A PROJECTED BARRAGE (AND BRIDGE) ACROSS THE SEVERN, WHICH HAS THE THIRD HIGHEST TIDE IN THE WORLD.

Continued.

industrial centre, an ideal, smokeless city, based on the sure foundation of cheap power, which might well be a model and an example to the whole world. By the improvement in the value of the land on both sides of the tidal reservoir, which may be considered as about eighteen miles long, which would accrue from the realisation of this scheme, it would be possible to pay off a considerable proportion of the cost. Mr. Snowden mentions engineering difficulties; but no such difficulties are likely to arise that cannot be readily surmounted. It is a very large project, and there is nothing of the kind in existence; that is all. It is certain to be done one of these days. The only immediate question is whether

the project is commercially sound at the present time. The dam shown above runs from a point near Redwick on the right (Gloucestershire) to one near Sudbrook on the left (Monmouthshire); it runs approximately parallel with the Severn Tunnel, and a little to the north of it. A power house is shown on each wing, and two intermediate, to accommodate the very large number of water turbines. The right-hand power house extends more or less over what is now known as Salmon Pool. The dam will present no obstruction to the passage of salmon or other fish up the river. A site above the cliff on the right (Aust Cliff) will make an ideal air station."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A NEW NATIONAL ART TREASURE: 13TH-CENTURY STAINED GLASS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



"THE ART OF STAINED GLASS AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS ACHIEVEMENT": A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY PANEL, REPRESENTING "A SAINT DISPUTING BEFORE AN AUDIENCE," RECENTLY ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL COLLECTIONS.

Mediæval stained glass, which is of great artistic and technical interest, is exceedingly rare and valuable. Describing the specimen here illustrated, an official note of August 22 announces: "With the generous assistance of Sir Otto Beit, K.C.M.G., and the National Art-Collections Fund, the Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired a fine panel of thirteenth-century stained glass. The panel, about 20 in. square, is in a remarkably good condition, very little decayed, and practically free from restoration. It shows a saint disputing before an audience, and is a typical example of the bold, conventionalised style of the thirteenth century. Its place of origin is unknown, and it belongs to a period of stained-glass design in which it is very difficult to make a distinction between the schools in France and in England, but the history of this particular panel makes it probable that it is English, and in any case, it is an example of the art of stained glass at the height

of its achievement. It is exhibited among the thirteenth-century stained glass in Room 110." It may be recalled that in our issue of September 2, 1922, we illustrated a discovery of the remains of a fourteenth-century stained-glass window (bricked up for three centuries) in Chelsea Parish Church, and, in an article on the subject, Mr. Clifford Hosken wrote in the same number: "There is no church in London, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, that possesses glass of so early a date, and very few that possess any pre-Reformation stained glass at all." In our issue of February 12, 1921, we illustrated a panel of thirteenth-century stained glass (30½ inches high by 31½ inches wide) which at a sale in New York about that time realised the enormous sum of 70,000 dollars, or about £18,500. The subject of this panel was a Jesse tree with a half-length figure of Christ wearing a golden crown.



(Glendower & Hotspur)

DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF HOPE

Hope is the mother of optimism. In its promise many a soul finds contentment and in its reality happiness lies waiting with its gifts. Hope is sometimes fickle in its favours but never when it concerns the bracing and balanced qualities of . . .

DEWAR'S

A FLOWER CAUSING WORLD-WIDE CONTROVERSY: THE OPIUM POPPY.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ARTICLE SUPPLIED BY A WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITY.



"EVERY POD IN THE FIELD IS THUS TREATED": INDIAN OPIUM CULTIVATORS LANCING AND RE-LANCING POPPY PODS AND COLLECTING THE EXUDED OPIUM—A PROCESS INVOLVING "COLOSSAL WORK AND TROUBLE" AND ONLY PRACTICABLE IN THE EAST, WHERE LABOUR IS CHEAP



SUBJECT OF A CONVENTION OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: AN OPIUM POPPY IN FULL BLOOM.

"THE growth of the opium poppy, and the production of the valuable drug which it yields . . . is once again the subject of keen controversy amongst members of the Opium Convention of the League of Nations. . . . There is much that is novel and interesting in the method by which the drug is extracted and collected. . . . The crop is sown from seed, and takes about four months to mature. . . . Shortly after blooming, the large fleshy petals drop to the ground; leaving a large, more or less circular capsule or pod at the end of the stem. At this stage it is quite green, comparatively hard, and, unlike the pod of the garden poppy, quite smooth and hairless. It is now ready for the surgical operation to which it will be subjected. The cultivator invariably divides his field into sections, and works one section at a time. He carries with him a sharp three-pronged lancet, like a vaccinator's needle, with which he lances each pod, the incision running from top to bottom, and being only just sufficiently deep to pierce the outer skin. A white, milky substance exudes almost immediately, which darkens on exposure to the atmosphere with a

[Continued below.]



WITH OPIUM EXUDING FROM CUTS: A LANCED POPPY CAPSULE (LEFT); AND ONE UNLANCED.

[Continued.]

tendency to solidify, gathering along the scarification the following morning in minute brown globules, whence it is scraped off with a small, spoon-shaped instrument and transferred to a larger receptacle. Every pod in the field is thus treated, lanced, and re-lanced till no further yield is obtained. This yield, dried, classified, and purified, is what is known to the world as opium. It all sounds very simple, of course, but it does not require much imagination to appreciate the colossal work and trouble which such a process entails. The drug exuding from a pod lanced one afternoon must be collected the following morning if the

best results are to be obtained; and when, moreover, one considers the delicate nature of the plant itself, its susceptibility to frost, blight, and insects, and the constant weeding and watering it requires, it is easy to see that the opium cultivator's lot is beset with difficulties. In European countries no farmer would think of cultivating it, so that it is only in the Orient, where labour is cheap, where it can be rendered financially worth while." A committee on opium in Malaya, in a recent report, recommended registration of smokers, leading to rationing, rather than precipitate suppression.

*Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power*

Friction's Drag

— is it robbing you of power ?

Power starts with fuel. Once created, power must spend itself. *It will* spend itself either in useful work or in destroying something—for example, the moving surfaces of the engine and transmission of your car.

Unless a lubricating oil film is formed and maintained on all moving parts, they will shortly cease to move.

There is as much difference in the results you get from different lubricating oils as in the power results you get from different fuels.

No one oil can meet every lubricating need.

In order to secure the best results the oil used must be of high quality; it must have the correct body and character to meet the design, construction and operating conditions of your car with scientific exactness. It is just as important to use the correct grade of oil as it is to use an oil of high quality.

The Chart of Recommendations exhibited at all garages shows you the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil which is scientifically correct for your particular car. Make the Chart your Guide and ensure satisfactory performance under all running conditions.

Remember:

Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

If you purchase Gargoyle Mobiloil "loose," see that it is drawn from a container bearing the trade mark shown in this advertisement. A fair average price for Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk is 1/9 a quart.



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WHEREVER you motor wherever you garage, in fact wherever you see another car—look at the other fellow's tyres. You will find that in nearly every instance they are Dunlop. Ask practically any manufacturer of British cars what tyres he fits as standard equipment and he will tell you Dunlop. Ask at any garage what tyre has the largest sale—they will tell you Dunlop. If you have not yet fitted Dunlop you are not getting the greatest possible tyre value. The Dunlop Cord gives longer mileage and greater safety than any other tyre, British or Foreign. It is the best Tyre under all conceivable road conditions. It has eliminated every fault you have ever complained of in your tyres. Therefore the makers of Dunlop tyres say to you with the fullest confidence and without any qualification whatever, that you can—

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DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM. BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE NORTH: THE KING AND QUEEN ON HOLIDAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U. AND C.N.



THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT BALLATER: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE KING'S GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.



THE QUEEN LEAVING INVERESK CHURCH AFTER THE MORNING SERVICE: HER MAJESTY, WITH LORD AND LADY ELPHINSTONE AND THEIR CHILDREN.



HER MAJESTY INSPECTING HADRIAN'S WALL: THE QUEEN WITH THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND AT HOUSESTEADS (BORCOVICIUM)



SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. THOMSON, THE KEEPER OF THE CAMP AT BORCOVICIUM: THE QUEEN LEAVING THE ROMAN WALL.

His Majesty the King arrived at Balmoral last week, from Bolton Abbey. The King's guard of honour of the 1st Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, under the command of Captain Ronald Bell, was mounted on Ballater Station, and his Majesty inspected them on arrival.—Her Majesty the Queen also reached Scotland last week, and on Sunday attended Divine service in Inveresk Parish Church, accompanied by Lord and Lady Elphinstone (her host and hostess for this week, at Carberry Tower, Musselburgh), their children, Lord and Lady



ADMIRING THE SHETLAND PONY AND BATH-CHAIR PROVIDED FOR HER, BUT PREFERRING TO WALK: HER MAJESTY AT THE ROMAN WALL.

Clinton, Lady Bertha Dawkins, the Hon. Hew Dalrymple, and Sir Herbert Maxwell. During the Queen's stay at Alnwick with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, she paid a visit to the Roman Wall and Camp at Housesteads (the old Roman Borcovium). There is quite a walk over rough ground to be negotiated after leaving the road, and a bath-chair drawn by a Shetland pony had been provided to convey her Majesty to the Camp. She preferred, however, to walk. On August 25 she drove to Edinburgh and visited Holyrood.



THE WORLD OF WOMEN



"T'S a bit saft, Mem," is a very usual morning greeting in the Highlands. How saft one discovers later when, descending to breakfast, one beholds a very beautiful but very drenched world, grey skies all round, and rain continuing to descend mercilessly. Are we disheartened?—do we discuss our good Scotch breakfast to a running fire of abuse of the climatic conditions? No, nothing of the kind; we go on with preparations for the day as planned overnight and hope for better things. The keepers talk about Lammas flood, and say, "Ay, they're bad, but they git over," and we copy their philosophy and make the best of our rainy days. After all, there was bright sunshine yesterday, and may be again to-morrow, or even before the day is out. Then, although the guns of our little party must take time off, the rods, looking hopeful, pack up ready for their day on loch or river in mackintoshes and long rubber boots, and, looking rather like vagabonds, more or less beloved, start off in the motor wagonette or afoot to try to deceive the fish and lure them to their doom and eventual end down our hungry throats.

A very enthusiastic man of business was heard to declare over a steak of a fresh-run salmon of his own catching that he had pouched many a thousand pounds with far less satisfaction than he had killed that superb fish, and enjoyed eating it far more than the purchases of the cool thousand. So the natural



An attractive suit for the autumn built of russet Cumberland tweed, completed with a striped scarf and fur collar. It hails from Harvey Nichols's. (See page 412.)



Three charming interpretations of the coming mode, which may be studied at Harvey Nichols's, Knightsbridge, S.W. Navy-blue duvelure expresses the captivating model in the centre; cornflower chenille embroidered with coral, that on the left; and nigger duvelure the high-crowned affair on the right. (See page 412.)

man emerges up here from his artificial shell, and, like Jack and Jill, the woman comes tumbling after. At first that rude Boreas and Jupiter Pluvius disarrange her hair, making additions to nature in complexion matters of extreme difficulty or of amusement to others, and upsetting Jill: After a few days spent indoors with tidy hair and an impeccably smart make-up, she finds these things of no comfort, and that the outdoor Jill has all the best of it. So the weather ceases to alarm her; out she goes, and soon the soft air and rain and the health of the open do that for her which could never come out of boxes and bottles, and she also returns joyfully to being natural.

Coming north within hail of the great "Twelfth," it seemed that there were not so many people travelling as usual. Even here, nearly seven hundred miles from Wembley, the great B.E.E. is said to be the cause of a smaller proportion of travellers. This seems a little far-fetched, for the people who come up here are not the people who spend all their money at Wembley and have none to spend anywhere else. One imagines that the Continent is once more exercising its attractions on us islanders, and voyages long and short are more popular. They give a moderate-priced holiday, the cost of which is fairly fixed at the start. Whatever the cause may be, seaside resorts are feeling a pinch, but up here the cry is, I think, largely of the parrot variety. The lodges are all full, and visitors come to and go from them. The golf centres are doing well, although Dornoch, one hears, did badly in June and July, and is not likely to be full in September, which will, I think, prove wrong, for people are asking freely about rooms now, and September is a delightful month. North Berwick is, as usual, full, and so is St. Andrews; and the Turnberry and Glen Eagle courses are well patronised. Both are provided with large and first-class hotels, which makes enormously for the success of golf centres. The game is one to keep folk fit; and to be fit without comfort is like being ravenously hungry and set down to a meal of deleterious kickshaws.

Brora's fine but quite in the rough eighteen-hole course is this year deprived of what little hotel accommodation it possessed. The Station Hotel was recently burnt, so that now only a portion of the outer walls remain. It was not insured up to its value, the foundations are not fit for rebuilding, so what will happen no one at present can foresee. On Sept. 10 a three-days' bazaar is to be held with a view to raising two thousand pounds for the reconstruction of the golf course, which has been surveyed and reported upon by James Braid. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, and Viscount and Viscountess Chaplin are all interested in the bazaar, and holding or assisting at stalls. It may perhaps be a little of the cart-before-the-horse procedure, for a first-rate hotel is required before a first-rate golf course can be patronised sufficiently for its proper upkeep. As the local members' subscriptions are somewhere in the neighbourhood of £1 a year for men, and 7s. 6d. for women, there is nothing to hope for there. All must come from visitors, and visitors cannot come without accommodation.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry have taken the fine shooting, stalking, and fishing lodge of Loch Alwin from the Duke of Sutherland, and are there this season with their children. In October they will be at Uppat and at the house they have occupied for a year or two back at Brora for their children. Meanwhile Lady Violet Brassey is there with some of her sons and friends. There are, of course, no hotel visitors, which will make it bad for the bazaar. However, it depends principally on the lodges and the visitors in them, and on residents in the neighbouring large houses; so it will probably go quite well. The amusing thing about it is that the great lady stall-holders confess that they don't want the course altered: they love it as it is.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are due at Dunrobin Castle in time for the seventh

centenary of Dornoch Cathedral, which will be celebrated on the 27th inst. The Cathedral is of the Established Church of Scotland. It is finely proportioned, but very unlike Church of England cathedrals. There is no stained glass, no elaborate chancel or altar. A fine austerity and dignity characterise it, and in it are several monuments to members of the Sutherland family, before and after the inter-marriage of the Levesons with the Gowers. The Duke of Sutherland is to open a fair in Dornoch in the afternoon, and a great day is expected. A. E. L.



A distinctive coat and skirt for town wear, expressed in nigger velour, trimmed with motifs of leather and embroidery. Sketched at Harvey Nichols's. (See page 412.)



Without a peer in atmosphere

One of the features of State Express cigarettes is that they can be smoked and offered in the most exclusive surroundings and look absolutely at home.

In themselves an evidence of good taste, State Express cigarettes create an atmosphere which adds its own quota to their perfect enjoyment.

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Fashions and Fancies.

New Hats for the Autumn.

The advent of the first autumn hats is always awaited with considerable excitement, and this year they display an interesting versatility. Pictured on page 410 are a captivating trio which may be studied in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. In the centre is a neat little duvelure "mushroom" completed with a brim of gros-grain ribbon. It is obtainable for 49s. 6d. in many colours; while 35s. 9d. secures the chenille hat on the left in a vivid blue shade embroidered with coral. On the right is one of the new square-crowned hats in duvelure trimmed with a quill of the same material edged with feather. The price is 3 guineas. Then there are fascinating little hats in shaded French felt obtainable for 69s. 6d., which amount secures also the new stiff hats of silk stockinette faced with duvelure and completed with scarves to match. Needless to say, these are available in many lovely colourings and designs.

Suits for the Coming Season.

The new suits for the coming season offer equally pleasant surprises. September and October mark the reign of the coat and skirt, and there are some delightful models at Harvey Nichols's, whence come the trio pictured on page 410. On the right is a distinctive affair in nigger velour decorated with motifs of leather outlined in embroidery. It is completed with borders of fur and a narrow scarf. For morning or country wear the well-tailored coat and

skirt on the left is ideal. It is built of Cumberland tweed in the new burnt-russet colouring, and the long scarf collar in harmonising stripes can be manipulated in a number of amusing ways. Plain, perfectly tailored coats and skirts of velour suitable for town or country wear can be secured for 6½ guineas, or for 7½ guineas bordered with fur.

Safeguarding the Complexion. Sea-bathing, yachting, and tennis are delights which call to every enthusiastic sportswoman during

chemists, and every woman who takes a just pride in her appearance will find this a really sound investment.

Pure Soap for the Complexion.

In the difficult task of keeping the skin smooth and fresh in these strenuous days, one of the first steps in the right direction is to choose carefully a soap which is pure and has no harmful ingredients. Such is Olva palm and olive-oil soap, which is a product of the famous Price's Soap Company, London. In addition to these merits, the fragrance and cleansing power of Olva soap have extremely beneficial effects on the complexion. Large round tablets are obtainable for 6d. each, and useful "family" boxes for 6s., containing twelve tablets.

An Efficient Tooth-Powder.

Modern dentistry has proved beyond doubt that the care of the teeth is one of the most important factors towards general good health. Children are only too apt to regard cleaning the teeth as a necessary evil to be

avoided if possible, and it is essential that this idea should be speedily banished. This can be achieved by seeking the aid of Calvert's Carbolic Tooth-Powder, for its pleasant flavour appeals to every child, while its splendid cleansing powers and antiseptic properties commend it to "grown-ups." It is obtainable from all chemists in tins ranging from 6d. to 5s. in price, and no time should be lost before making its acquaintance. Calvert's Tooth Powder proves an inestimable boon to every member of the family, and a constant supply should find its way into every household.



The fastidious woman appreciates the purity and fragrance of Olva Soap, and rejoices in its beneficial effects upon the most sensitive skin.



Pearl-white teeth are universally desired, and they are a gift which is bestowed on all who use Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder regularly.



A lovely complexion is a delight to every woman, and she is sure to obtain it who tends her skin with Beetham's Lait La-rola.

the holiday season. It is only too evident, however, that they have disastrous effects upon the complexion unless due care is taken to protect it from the strong sun and keen winds. The skin needs a softening emollient to counteract the roughness caused by constant exposure, and Beetham's Lait La-rola is admirable for this purpose. A few drops massaged gently into the skin assure a fresh, unflushed, and attractive appearance throughout the most strenuous day. For the hands, neck, and arms, too, it is invaluable, as it keeps them soft and white. Lait La-rola is obtainable in 1s. 6d. bottles from all

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OUR Banbridge factory is responsible for the manufacture of a very large proportion of the world's best Table Linen.

And our system of supplying direct to the public means quality Linen at lower prices than elsewhere.



I.L.N. 308. Bleached Pure Irish Linen Double Damask Table Cloths (as illustrated). Design: Olive or Roman Scroll. Good medium quality; will give every satisfaction.

DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS			
2 x 2 yards	..	Each	27/9
2 x 2½ "	34/6
2 x 3 "	41/6
2½ x 3 "	53/6

LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH.			
22 x 22 inches	..	per doz.	31/6
24 x 24 "	36/6

I.L.N. 309. Bleached Pure Irish Linen Double Damask Table Cloths. Ornament: Regency Period. Will wash and wear extremely well. Ideal for everyday use.

DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS			
2 x 2 yards	..	Each	32/-
2 x 2½ "	40/-
2 x 3 "	48/-
2½ x 3 "	63/-

LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH.			
22 x 22 inches	..	per doz.	36/-
24 x 24 "	41/9

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CARLISLE

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MUSICAL archaeologists have discovered the same folk-song in different parts of the world, and no doubt in the Middle Ages the songs of the Troubadours and Trouveres were current in all the Courts of Europe. A song which obtained immense popularity in Provence would soon be heard in Touraine. Paris and London would almost immediately be echoing with it, and its strains would probably welcome the traveller as he dismounted in the courtyard of any castle in the Welsh Marches or on the Scottish Border.

To-day, all over Europe, the music that is popular, the music that you can be sure of hearing in any town in France, Italy, Germany, will be of one type. Wherever you go, even in the smallest villages, you will find the people dancing, and they will be dancing the London, Paris, and New York dances.

I am writing this in France, not far from the town of Blois, and I passed through a village the other day where I watched the dancing in a village café while I had tea. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the first thing I heard was the "Joseph" fox-trot from "Madame Pompadour." It was a good gramophone record, and as I listened I found myself being immensely struck by the cleverness of the music. The skill and invention displayed in this composition are quite remarkable, and I cannot believe that the most serious academic musician could listen to such a piece of music without admiration. Of course, the composer, Leo Fall, belongs to that famous school of Viennese musicians which has won an absolute and unchallenged supremacy in light opera. Leo Fall is a composer of the pre-jazz days; his "Dollar Princess" was one of the most successful of pre-war musical plays; yet in the "Joseph" fox-trot he has written a piece of jazz dance music which is far superior to the majority of popular jazz tunes. If I were a professor of musical composition at one of our schools I would set my students exercises in

this sort of composition, and I would use examples of the work of Franz Lehar, Leo Fall, and other good composers of the kind as models.

But one cannot help regretting the universal adoption by the mass of the people throughout Europe of a ready-made music. The gramophone has killed all the old popular instruments—except, perhaps, in Spain, where playing the guitar is still, I presume,

expect to see all the more primitive countries follow the same course of "progress," and no doubt in time there will be no one throughout Europe—outside professional musicians—who can play any instrument whatever, even the simplest.

The art of singing is almost entirely gone from the peasantry of Europe. In Spain, Sardinia, and the South of Italy, you may occasionally still find vestiges of the old folk-songs lingering on. Many have been collected during the last twenty-five years, but it is probable that in another twenty-five years there will be none of them to collect. The last traces of a once abundant and glorious musical fertility will have vanished, and the people of Europe will be found in their village inns listening to the mechanical products of the highly specialised professional musicians of New York and Paris. The musical instruments that survive will be solely those used in the large orchestras, theatre and dance bands of the principal cities. Their names will be unknown, and a violin or a cornet will become objects as rarely seen as a harpsichord or a viol da gamba. All power of composition will have vanished with the complete suspension of the physical exercise of the art.

There are, of course, two different musical ideals available. There is what may be called the Kantian ideal of an absolutely perfect music to which everybody listens with complete satisfaction; and there is the Platonic ideal of a state in which everybody makes his own music, a music which is individual and peculiar to him while forming part in some general harmony. There is no doubt, to my mind, that the latter is the preferable state, but it is not the state to which we seem to be moving at present. We seem to-day on the way to the production by specialists only of a standard music acceptable to everybody. But I believe that we shall find eventually that this standard music will be found less and less acceptable. The number of those rejecting it will grow larger and larger, and that will be the only true sign of increasing musical culture. W. J. TURNER.




RECENTLY UNVEILED BY EARL HAIG: THE WAR MEMORIAL OF THE SHELL GROUP OF OIL COMPANIES.

Field-Marshal Earl Haig, in unveiling the "Shell" war memorial at St. Helen's Court, Leadenhall Street, acknowledged "the splendid assistance which that world-wide undertaking gave to the fighting forces during the Great War. The demand for petrol on the Western Front [he said] became enormous, and its influence remodelled the whole system of transport and communications." Captain the Hon. Walter Samuel, chairman of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, said that 1050 men from the Shell group went to the war, apart from officers and men of the Fleet. The names of 135 who fell were recorded on the memorial.

one of the ordinary accomplishments of every young man. Serenading by gramophone, I suppose, has never yet been done, although there is no reason to think that it would be any less effective. We may

that this standard music will be found less and less acceptable. The number of those rejecting it will grow larger and larger, and that will be the only true sign of increasing musical culture. W. J. TURNER.



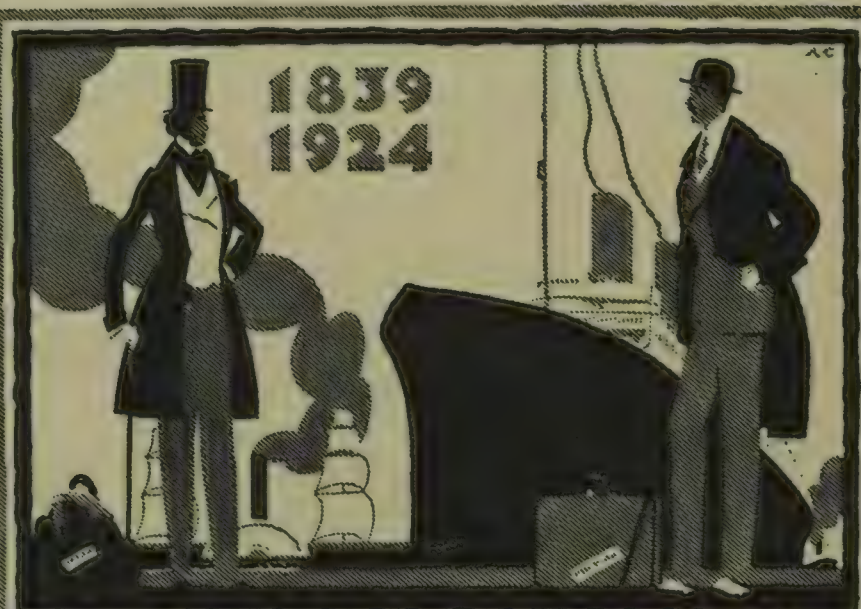
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carries it always."

RADIO NOTES.

MUCH has been said already regarding interference by Morse Code signalling caused to broadcast listeners in coastal areas; but, judging by the large number of aërials seen during a recent tour in Thanet and district, listeners are not to be daunted, in their enthusiasm for the new pastime, by occasional jamming, and apparently they are willing to put up with it, provided that they are "clear" during parts of the broadcasting periods. Upon the type of receiving-set in use, and the manner in which it is tuned, depends to some extent whether interference may be eliminated or not. Sometimes it happens that owners of first-class valve sets, living in the same coast town, get entirely different results from their sets of identical make. One set will produce broadcasts spoiled by the blare of dot-and-dash signals, and the other will give a true rendering of speech, songs, or music, or with the Morse so modified in strength as to be negligible. Frequently interference is made worse by trying to receive broadcasts as strongly as possible. This means that too much high-tension current is used, and that the reaction coil is moved into a position for boosting up, by sheer "brute force," the received sounds, so that a loud-speaker will operate. The trouble is, however, that if Morse Code is being signalled at the same time, it also becomes greatly magnified, and thus causes annoyance whilst listening to broadcasts. A reduction in the amount of high-tension current, a little less reaction effect, and possibly a very slight turning of the condensers, will often enable broadcasting to be received purely in the head-phones, although not at sufficient strength for the loud-speaker.

During a sea-fog, listeners on the coast have their greatest trial with Morse interference, for then dozens of land wireless stations and many ships are in communication for the purpose of safety at sea. At such times listeners, snug in their well-lighted homes on solid ground, must concede their pleasure for the sake of others, who may be in danger of their lives. Anyone who has been on a ship in the

English Channel during a dense fog knows what a nerve-racking experience it is.

The transmissions from 5XX, the high-powered Chelmsford broadcasting station, have brought relief to many listeners who formerly were jammed on lower wave-lengths. One owner of a two-valve set on the coast, 75 miles from London, could never tune in London without constant interference by French maritime stations; but now, by plugging in larger coils to pick up the 1600-metres wave-length

proper value to use. If coils of a different make from those already in use on the set are bought, care must be taken to see that the windings are in the proper direction, otherwise the set may not function properly, especially if it uses reaction. An interesting feature of 5XX is that its transmissions may be received by radio by all broadcasting and relay stations of the B.B.C., and re-radiated in each local area—land lines being unnecessary for linking the stations.

On Sept. 15, 2BE, the new B.B.C. station at Belfast, will commence experimental broadcasting, and later will be opened officially by the Duke of Abercorn, Governor-General of Northern Ireland. The station will transmit on a wave length of 435 metres, and arrangements are in hand for performances from other B.B.C. stations: to reach the Belfast station by submarine cable, for simultaneous broadcasting.

To entertain one's friends with radio music, a loud-speaker is more convenient than many pairs of telephones, the cords of which are apt to be in the way, and are likely to cause damage to the set if someone moves suddenly, forgetting to take off the 'phones. There are many types of loud-speakers on the market from which to select, but, before deciding upon the actual model, it is advisable to test the qualities of three or four different makes. Preferably the tests should be made at home, and a good local dealer would be willing to send the instruments on approval. Failing that, different instruments should be heard before purchasing, each working from the same set in the shop.

A recent introduction is the C.A.V. loud-speaker, for which the makers claim great clarity and purity of tone.

The only moving part in the instrument is the diaphragm—although one cannot see it move—which fits into the top half of the base that supports the shapely horn. The base itself contains the powerful electro-magnets, etc. From the base a pair of terminals project for connecting wires direct to the receiving-set, as this loud-speaker requires no batteries.

W. H. S.



RADIO MUSIC IN THE DEPTHS OF A GOLD-MINE: AN EXPERIMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Recently, in a dimly lighted rock-hewn chamber 400 ft. below the earth's surface, a radio concert was heard by a party of listeners down in the Ferreira Deep Gold-Mine. A four-valve receiver with a frame aerial intercepted successfully the radio waves transmitted during the evening from "JB," Johannesburg Broadcasting Station.—(Photograph by Topical.)

of Chelmsford, he listens in peace to the London station, relayed through Chelmsford. Readers with valve-sets which will not tune up to 1600 metres may obtain larger coils to take the place of those used for the ordinary broadcasting stations. It is best to purchase the proper coils from the actual makers of the receiving-set; but if the set was home-made, then coils known as "250" are about the

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Legislation
Affecting the
Motorist.

When the Road Fund was instituted, a year or two before the war, the motoring community was told that, as it demanded roads suitable for modern traffic, a part of the money required therefor must be raised by a tax on cars. This created

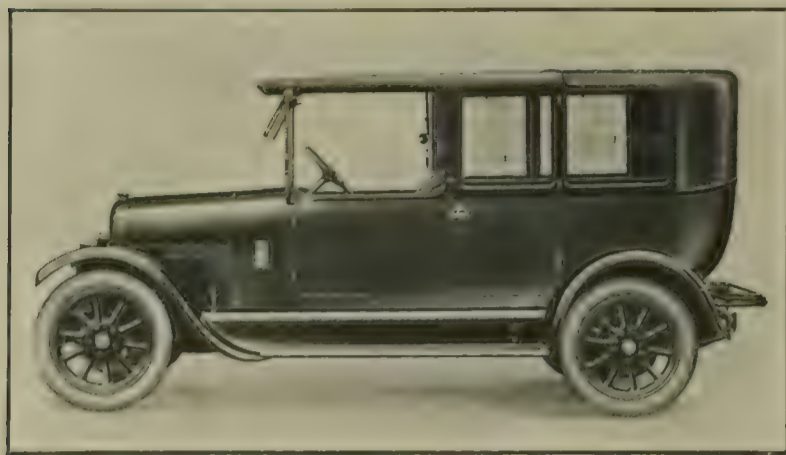
Ministers and officials have affected to raise their eyebrows and have said in so many words: "We really are at a loss to know why these objections, seeing that you actually asked us to tax you."

During the war the money that should have gone normally to the Road Fund was diverted to the general revenue, and quite properly. After the Armistice it was found that the roads generally had depreciated terribly in consequence of heavy military traffic and neglect, and the Government was faced with the problem of finding the money—many millions—to make good the damage. Accustomed by that time to think in thousands of millions, our officials set to work on the preparation of grandiose schemes of road construction without giving due thought to where the money was to come from, and oblivious altogether of the fact that from an enormously rich country we had actually fallen to being a very poor one. So we had the Roads Act and its schedule of motor taxation, which mulcts the motorist in an average toll of more

than a penny a mile for his use of the roads. Not only so, but we are now in sight of a whole crop of legislation bearing directly on the motorist and his road user. Much of this projected legislation will require a great deal of watching.

Misuse of the Road Fund. It is an unquestioned fact that a great deal of money contributed by the motorist to the Road Fund has been quite improperly used. That Fund was instituted by Parliament for a specific purpose—namely, the improvement of existing roads and the construction of new highways. It was never intended, and

it was specifically stated so at the time, to be used for ordinary highway maintenance. Certainly it was never intended to be used for the purpose of providing relief works for the unemployed—probably the most uneconomic form of spending money that was ever devised. I am not for a moment arguing that such works, whether or not they provide any sort of value for expenditure incurred, should not be undertaken at all. All I am concerned with is to point out that to use moneys belonging to the Road Fund for such works is a flagrant misuse of those moneys. It is also a misuse to apply them to maintenance work. Yet both have been done to a very large extent. There have been protests, but the motoring community, which has to find the money, is helpless in the face of officialdom, and we seem to have sunk to a state in which Parliament is content to see its authority flouted by the Departments without a protest. Thus, in one way and another, the original limits of legitimate administration of the Road Fund have been extended beyond all knowledge, with the result that we are to-day paying more than twice the gross amount of taxation which we were told was to be our contribution to road purposes; nor does there seem to be any prospect of relief. On the contrary, some of the projected legislation, if it is passed, will actually increase the burden to be carried by the motorist. W. W.

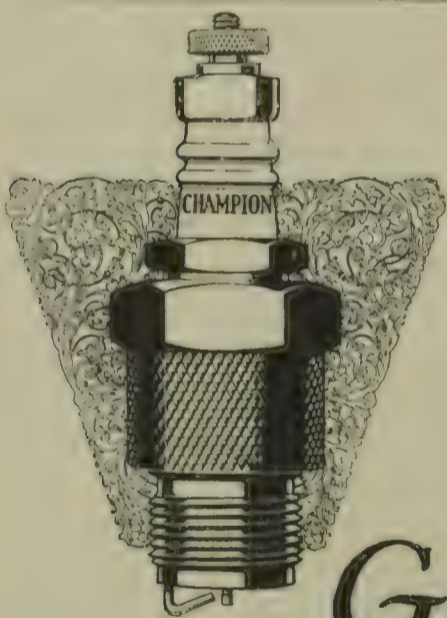


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a precedent, because, although there had been vehicle taxation for generations, all the moneys raised from such taxation had been paid into the general funds. Up to that time, even the money accruing from the tax on motor-cars had gone to county and county borough account. The principle, therefore, of levying a tax for the direct purposes of road construction and maintenance was a new thing altogether. The answer of the motoring community, given through its representatives, was that there was no objection in the world to such a tax as that contemplated, provided the money raised was devoted to road purposes. At the time, and ever since, my own idea was, and is, that this was a foolish attitude for our organisations to take up. We have seen the reflex of that attitude in the repeated official statements made from time to time that we, the motorists of the country, actually asked to be taxed for road purposes. Time after time, when there was a kick about motor taxation,



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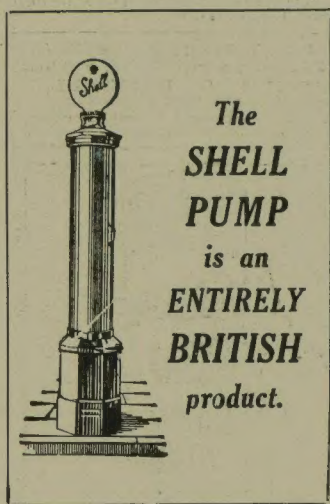
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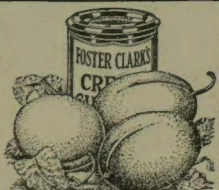
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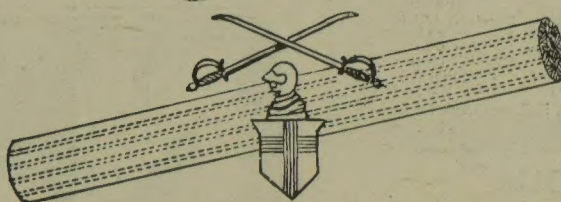
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MISCELLANEOUS.

WHEN illustrating the rhinoceros iguana of Santo Domingo, in our issue of Aug. 23, we described the reptile as a "tusked" lizard, and it has been pointed out that a more correct expression would be "horned," as the excrescence is not a tooth, but similar to that of the rhinoceros itself. In using the word "tusk" we followed Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, of the American Museum of Natural History, whose article was the source of our information and photographs. Describing iguanas of another species, he says that they "lacked the tusk of the rhinoceros iguana," doubtless in the sense (given by the "Century Dictionary") of "a sharp projecting point resembling in some degree a tusk or tooth."

As Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind, Captain E. B. B. Towse, V.C., C.B.E., writes: "There are a certain number of blind ex-Service men who are in need of assistance. These men are not receiving help from St. Dunstan's, nor pensions, as

their blindness has not been recognised as attributable to war service. This is due, in many cases, to the fact that blindness, as an after-effect of gas and other hardships of the war, has come upon them since discharge. I have established a fund to assist these men, and my fund has received the support of the Admiralty, the Army Council, and the Air Council. May I ask your readers to send me what they can? All donations should be addressed to Captain E. B. B. Towse, V.C., National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, London, W.1."

Sir Martin Conway, the famous traveller, mountaineer, and writer, has provided a delightful essay describing a week-end trip through the Jura, for a very attractive illustrated booklet entitled "The Route du Jura," issued by the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean Railway, generally known as the P.L.M. "It will probably be a surprise to many," writes Sir Martin; "it certainly was to me, that it is possible to leave Victoria Station at 11 o'clock on a Friday morning, to be back there again at 7 o'clock on the following

Tuesday evening, and to have enjoyed three full days of motoring through the Jura Mountains in that long week-end." That such a trip is open to Londoners is due to the enterprise of the P.L.M., which has organised travelling and hotel facilities in the Jura district, and arranged for motors to run along selected routes. Those who wish to emulate Sir Martin Conway's experiences should, as a first step, possess themselves of this booklet, which contains a map and beautifully reproduced photographs.

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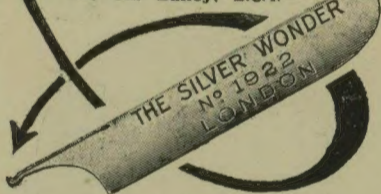
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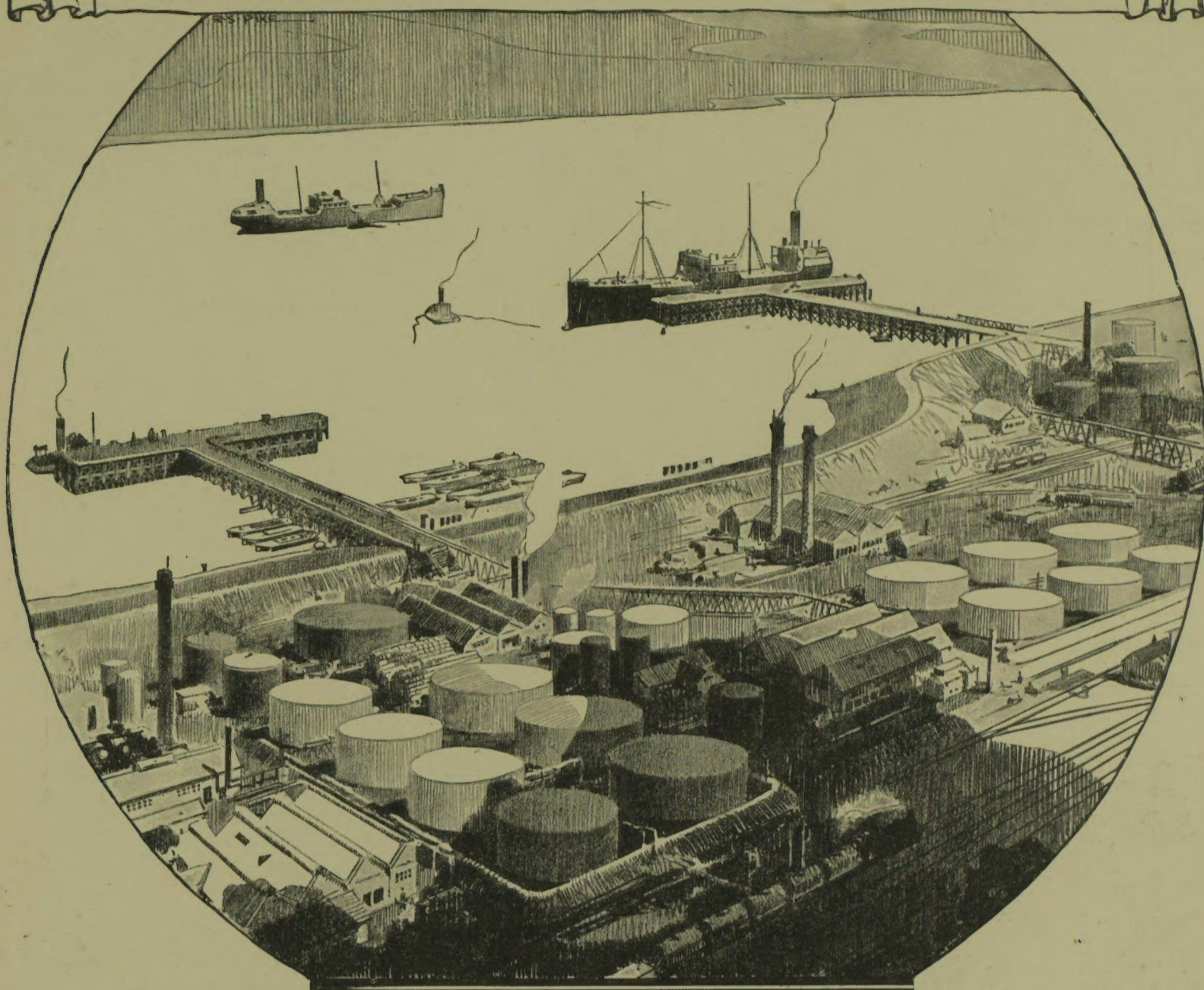
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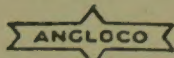
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